

2 The CHOICE:

BEING A
COLLECTION

Of Two Hundred and Forty

Celebrated Songs.

VOLUME III.



L O N D O N :

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THE CHOICE

COLLECTION

OF THE

CHURCH

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VOLUME III



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An Alphabetical

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An Alphabetical TABLE.

With broken Words and downcast Eyes
 Why this Talking still of dying
 While on those lovely Looks I gaze
 When Daisies py'd, and Vi'lets blue

Young *Civiana* gay and fair
 Young *Bacchus*, when merry, bestriding, &c.
 You Fair who play Tricks to be fairer, &c.
 Ye fair injur'd Nymphs, and ye Beaus, &c.
 You understand no tender Vows
 Ye People of *Ireland*, both Country and City
 Ye Gales that gently wave the Sea
 Ye beauteous Ladies of this Land
 Young *Annie's* budding Graces claim
 You pretty Birds that sit and sing
 Ye Commons and Peers
 Young *Philander* woo'd me lang
 Ye little Loves that hourly wait



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Kiss me, Dear, before my dying;
Kiss me once, and ease my Pain!

COLLECTION OF CELEBRATED

English SONGS.

SONG I.

CHLOE found *Amyntas* lying
All in Tears upon the Plain,
Sighing to himself, and crying,
Wretched I, to love in vain!

Kiss me, Dear, before my Dying;

Kiss me once, and ease my Pain!

Sighing to himself, and crying,

Wretched I, to love in vain!

Ever scorning, and denying

To reward your faithful Swain:

Kiss me, Dear, before my dying;

Kiss me once, and ease my Pain!

N^o VII.

B

2 A COLLECTION

Ever scorning and denying

To reward your faithful Swain:

Chloe, laughing at his crying,

Told him, that he lov'd in vain:

Kiss me, Dear, before my dying;

Kiss me once, and ease my Pain!

Chloe, laughing at his crying,

Told him, that he lov'd in vain:

But repenting, and complying,

When he kiss'd, she kiss'd again:

Kiss'd him up before his dying;

Kiss'd him up, and eas'd his Pain.

SONG II.

I'LL tell thee, *Dick*, where I have been,
Where I the rarest Things have seen:

Oh Things without compare!

Such Sights again cannot be found

In any Place of *English* Ground,

Be it at Wake or Fair.

At *Charing-Cross*, hard by the Way

Where we (thou know'st) do sell our Hay,

There is a House with Stairs;

And there did I see coming down

Such Folks as are not in our Town,

Vorty at least in Pairs.

Amongst the rest, one peev'ish fine,

(His Beard no bigger than thine)

of ENGLISH SONGS. 13

Walk'd on before the rest:
Our Landlord looke like nothing to him;
The King (God blese him) 't would undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

At Course a-Park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the Maids i' th' Town;
Tho' lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what, the Youth was going
To make an end of all his Wooing;
The Parson for him stay'd:
Yet, by his Leave, for all his Hast,
He did not so much with all past
(Perchance) as did the Maid:

The Maid ——— and thereby hangs a Tale ———
For such a Maid no *Whitson-Ale*
Could ever yet produce:
No Grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of Juice.

Her Finger was so small, the Ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring;
It was too wide a Peek:
And to say Truth (for out it must)
It look'd like the great Collar (just)
About our young Colt's Neck.

Her Feet beneath her Petticoat
 Like little Mice stole in and out,
 As if they fear'd the Light;
 But oh! she dances such a way!
 No Sun upon an *Easter-Day*
 Is half so fine a Sight.

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,
 But she would not, she was so nice,
 She would not do't in Sight;
 And then she look'd as who should say
 I will do what I list to Day,
 And you shall do't at Night.

Her Cheeks so rare a White was on,
 No Daisie makes Comparison,
 (Who sees them is undone)
 For Streaks of Red were mingled there,
 Such as are on a Katherine Pear,
 The Side that's next the Sun.

Her Lips were red, and one was thin
 Compar'd to that was next her Chin,
 Some Bee had stung it newly,
 But (*Dick*) her Eyes so guard her Face,
 I durst no more upon them gaze,
 Than on the Sun in *July*.

Her Mouth so small when she does speak,
 Thou'dst swear her Teeth her Words did break,
 That they might Passage get;

of ENGLISH SONGS.

5

But she so handled still the Marrow,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wilhing should be any Sin,
The Parson himself had guilty been,
She look'd that Day so purely;
And did the Youth so oft the Fear,
At Night, as some did in Conceit,
It would have spoil'd him, surely.

Passion o' me, how I run on!
There's that that wou'd be thought upon,
I trow, besides the Bride.

The Bus'ness of the Kitchen's great,
For it is fit that Men should eat;
Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the Cook knock'd thrice,
And all the Waiters in a Trice
His Summons did obey.

Each serving-man, with Dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our Train'd-band,
Presented and away.

When all the Meat was on the Table,
What Man of Knife or Teeth was able
To stay to be intreated?

And this the very Reason was,
Before the Parson could say Grace,
The Company was seated.

Now Hats fly off, and Youths carouse;
Healts first go round, and then the House,
The Bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's Health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
And who can help it, *Dick*?

O'th' sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh and glance:
Then dance again and kiss.
Thus sev'ral Ways the time did pass,
Whilst ev'ry Woman wish'd her Place,
And ev'ry Man wish'd his.

By this time all were stoln aside
To counsel and undress the Bride,
But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guest her Mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an Hour or so.

When in he came (*Dick*) there she lay,
Like new-faln Snow melting away,
'Twas time, I trow, to part.
Kisses were now the only Stay,
Which soon she gave, as who would say,
Good b'w'ye, with all my Heart.

But just as Heav'n would have to cross it,
In came the Bride-maids with the Posset:
The Bridegroom eat in spight;

For had he left the Women to't,
It wou'd have cost two Hours to do't,
Which were too much that Night.

At length the Candles out ; and now
All that they have not done, they do:
What that is who can tell ?

But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With *Bridget* and with *Nell*.

S O N G III.

HERE end my Chains, and Thralldom cease;
If not in Joy, I'll live in Peace ;
Since for the Pleasures of an Hour
We must endure an Age of Pain,
I'll be this abject thing no more ;
Love, give me back my Heart again.

Despair tormented first my Breast,
Now Falshood, a more cruel Guest.
O, for the Peace of human kind,
Make Women longer true, or sooner kind !
With Justice or with Mercy reign,
O Love ! or give me back my Heart again.



SONG IV.

CHLOE's the Wonder of her Sex,
 'Tis well her Heart is tender;
 How might such killing Eyes perplex,
 With Virtue to defend her!

But Nature, graciously inclin'd,
 Not bent to vex but please us,
 Has to her boundless Beauty join'd
 A boundless Will to ease us.

SONG V.

WHEN *Orpheus* sweetly did complain
 Upon his Lute, with heavy Strain,
 How his *Eurydice* was slain;
 The Trees to hear
 Obtain'd an Ear,
 And after left it off again.

At ev'ry Stroke, at ev'ry Stray,
 The Boughs kept time, and nodding say,
 And list'ned bending every way;
 The *Ashen-Tree*
 As well as he
 Began to shake, and learnt to play.

If Wood could speak, a Tree might hear,
 If Wood can sound our Grief so near,
 A Tree might drop an amber Tear:

OF ENGLISH SONGS.

9

If Wood so well
 Could sound a Knell,
 The Cypress might condole the Bier.
 The standing Nobles of the Grove,
 Hearing dead Wood to speak and move,
 The fatal Ax began to love;
 They envy'd Death,
 That gave such Breath,
 As Men alive do Saints above.

SONG VI.

He. **D** I D you not once, *Lucinda*, vow
 You would love none but me?
 She. Ay, but my Mother tells me now,
 I must love Wealth, not thee.
 He. Cruel, thy love lies in thy Pow'r,
 Tho' Fate to me's unkind.
 She. Consider but how small thy Dow'r
 Is in respect of mine.
 He. Is it because my Sheep are poor,
 Or that my Flocks are few?
 She. No, but I cannot love at all
 So mean a Thing as you.
 He. Ah me! ah me! mock you my Grief;
 She. I pity thy hard Fate.
 He. Pity for Love's but poor Relief,
 I'll rather chuse your Hate.

She. Content thy self, Shepherd, a while;
 I'll love thee by this Kiss,
 Thou shalt have no more Cause to mourn
 Than thou can'st take in this.

He. Bear Record, then you Powers above,
 And all those holy Bands;
 For it appears the truest Love,
 Springs not from Wealth nor Lands.

SONG VII.

WHEN wilt thou break, my stubborn
 Heart?

O Death, how slow to take my Part!
 Whatever I pursue, denies,
 Death, Death it self, like *Myra* flies.

Love and Despair, like Twins, possess
 At the same fatal Birth my Breast;
 No Hope could be, her Scorn was all
 That to my destin'd Lot cou'd fall.

I thought, 'alas! that Love cou'd dwell
 But in warm Climes, where no Snow fell;
 Like Plants that kindly Heat require,
 To be maintain'd by constant Fire.

That, without Hope, 'twou'd die as soon,
 A little Hope — But I have none;
 On Air the poor Camellions thrive;
 Deny'd even that, my Love can live.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 11

As toughest Trees in Storms are bred,
And grow, in spite of Winds, and spread;
The more the Tempest tears and shakes,
My Love, the deeper Root it takes.

Despair, that *Aconite* does prove,
And certain Death to others Love,
That Poison, never yet withstood,
Does nourish mine, and turns to Food.

O! for what Crime is my torn Heart
Condemn'd to suffer deathless Smart?
Like sad *Prometheus*, thus to lie
In endless Pain, and never die.

S O N G V I I I.

T H Y R S I S.

DELIA, how long must I despair,
And tax you with Disdain?
Still to my tender Love severe,
Untouch'd when I complain!

D E L I A.

When Men of equal Merit love us,
And do with equal Ardour sue,
Thyrsis, you know but one can move us;
Can I be yours and *Strephon's* too?
My Eyes view both with mighty Pleasure,
Impartial to your high Desert,

To both a like Esteem I measure,
To one alone can give my Heart.

T H Y R S I S.

Mysterious Guide of Inclination,

Tell me, Tyrant, why am I

With equal Merit, equal Passion,

Thus the Victim chose to die?

Why am I

The Victim chose to die?

D E L I A.

On Fate alone depends Success,

And Fancy Reason over-rules,

Or why shou'd Virtue ever miss

Reward, so often given to Fools?

'Tis not the Valiant, nor the Witty,

But who alone is born to please,

Love does predestinate our Pity;

We chuse but whom he first decrees.

S O N G IX.

WHILST I am scorch'd with hot Desire,
In vain cold Friendship you return:

Your Drops of Pity on my Fire,

Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! would you have the Flame suppress

That kills the Heart it heats too fast;

Take half my Passion to your Breast,

The rest in mine shall ever last.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 13

SONG X.

WHilst I'm carousing to chear up my Soul,
Oh! how I triumph to see a full Bowl!
This is the Treasure,
The only Pleasure,
The Blessing that makes me rejoice and sing,
Thus while I'm drinking,
Free from dull thinking,
Then am I greater than the greatest King.

SONG XI.

Since the Day of poor Man,
That little, little span,
Tho' long it can't last,
For the future and past
Is spent with Remorse and Despair,
With such a full Glass
Let that of Life pass,
'Tis made up of Trouble,
A Storm, tho' a Bubble,
There's no Bliss like forgetting our Care.

Why all this whining,
Why all this pining,
Love is a Folly, and Beauty is vain:
Nothing so common
As Wealth and Woman,
To raise the Vapours, and so dull the Brain.

C

14 A COLLECTION

To him that's merry,
That's frolick and airy,
Nothing is grievous, nor nothing is sad:
Then rouse up thy Spirit,
And take off thy Claret,
In one smiling Bumper a Cure's to be had.

If *Chloe* fly thee,
And still deny thee,
Never look sneaking, nor never repine:
If 'tis her Fashion,
To slight your Passion,
Then seem most easy, and deny her thine.

Yet slyly wooe her,
And closely pursue her,
Or she'll prove a Tyrant, and laugh you to scorn:
When she seems waspish,
Coquettish and prudish,
Then give her her Humour, and let her be gone.

When next you meet her,
Again intreat her,
And if you find still she'll make you her Tool,
Ne'er let it vex ye,
Or once perplex ye,
She'll soon repeat it, and find who's the Fool.

Then to requite her,
Despise her, and slight her,
And what you commended, as much discommend;

OF ENGLISH SONGS. 15

But if Love grieve thee,
And will not leave thee,
Then e'en love thy self first, and next love thy
Friend.

SONG XII.

SINCE from my Dear *Astrea's* Sight
I was so rudely torn,
My Soul has never known Delight,
Unless it was to mourn.

But oh, alas! with weeping Eyes
And bleeding Heart I lie;
Thinking on her, whose absence 'tis
That makes me wish to die.

SONG XIII.

AS *Ariana*, young and fair,
By Night the starry Quire did tell,
She found in *Cassiopeia's* Chair
One beauteous Light the rest excel:
This happy Star unseen before,
Perhaps was kindled from her Eyes,
And made for Mortals to adore
A new-born Glory in the Skies.

Or if within the Sphere it grew,
Before she gaz'd, the Lamp was dim;

But from her Eyes the Sparkles flew
 That gave new Lustre to the Gem,
 Bright Omen! what dost thou portend,
 Thou threat'ning Beauty of the Sky?
 What great, what happy Monarch's End!
 For sure by thee 'tis sweet to die.

Whether to thy fore-boding Fire
 We owe the *Crescent* in decay?
 Or must the mighty *Gaul* expire
 A Victim to thy fatal Ray?
 Such a Presage will late be shown
 Before the World in Ashes lies;
 But if less Ruin will atone,
 Let *Strephon's* only Fate suffice.

SONG XIV.

AN ancient Tale I mean to write,
 Scorning new Deeds to bring to light;
 Of gallant *Gaveston* I sing,
 Once much belov'd of *England's* King.

His Parents were of low Degree,
 And of a mean Ability;
 They farm'd their own poor small Estate,
 And never dreamt of growing great.

'Till Fortune, who oft shuns the wise,
 That abject Knaves and Fools may rise;
 Pitch'd upon *Pierce*, their eldest Son,
 To be a Darling of her own.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 17

She found he was by Nature rude,
Void both of Grace and Gratitude:
But those Defects were well supply'd
With matchless Impudence and Pride.

Now that from his Obscurity
She might him raise to high Degree,
The Hood-wink'd Goddess soon did bring
In Progress that way *England's* King.

A Prince who was by Heav'n design'd,
To be a Blessing to Mankind:
He was his Subjects Hearts Delight,
Yet led away by Fav'rites quite.

At the Town-hall was made a Feast,
To entertain the Royal Guest;
And all the Country far and near,
To see their King assembled there.

Among the rest, old *Gaveston*,
And with him, *Pierce* his lucky Son,
On whom the King soon fix'd his Eye,
And call'd him to him presently.

Whose Son art thou, sweet Youth? he cry'd,
The young Man readily reply'd,
My Name, my Liege, is *Gaveston*,
An honest Country Farmer's Son.

18 A COLLECTION

The King said, if thou'lt go with me,
And leave thy Friends, I promise thee,
I'll make thy Fortune, thou shalt shine
At Court a Favourite of mine.

Then happy I! quoth *Pierce*; indeed
I always thought it was decreed,
I should not deal in Clods of Earth,
My Soul disdains my humble Birth!

And now in Court behold him plac'd,
So with his Sovereign's Favour grac'd,
No Post or Honour could be won,
Unless approv'd by *Gaveston*.

All courted him, but su'd in vain,
Merit could ne'er his Ear obtain;
Yet promis'd on from Day to Day,
'Till Major *Money* found the way.

He manag'd *Pierce* with such Success,
None fail'd for whom he did address;
The vilest Criminal on Earth
The Major could redeem from Death.

Thus by the Major's cursed Power
Pierce did the Nation's Wealth devour,
He rais'd the Scum of all the Earth,
And threw down those of noble Birth.

His Brothers next to Court he brought,
And Patent Posts for them he got;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 19

His Father too, as doth appear,
Had twenty thousand Marks a Year?

As late Directors of known Fame,
For ev'ry Brute subscrib'd a Name,
So *Pierce* his Daughter, Sons and Wife,
Had each three Posts secur'd for Life.

Yet not content with all he got,
He thought each Profit was his Lot,
And Bribes from every Hand he took,
Till God and Man his Part forsook.

The People who thus long did bear,
Rose as one Man, and did declare,
They would both judge and execute,
Then let who dar'd their Act dispute.

But *Pierce* was so o'ergrown with Pride,
Tho' often warn'd, such Threats defy'd;
Till, in a lucky 'pointed Hour,
They seiz'd, and got him in their Row'r.

Then from his Coach they took him strait,
And dragg'd him from his Palace-Gate;
Low on the Ground, for all to see,
And hang him on the Gallows-Tree.

Thus justly fell proud *Gaveston*,
For *England's* Good! deplor'd by none:
And may all Villains, such as he,
With such a Fate rewarded be.

SONG XV.

CUPID, with *Ganymede* to play,
Had laid his Wings aside ;
And lest they should be stoln away,
Sat on his Darts astride :

For oft the God had, to his Cost,
(As *Prior* sweetly sings)
His Quiver, Bow and Arrow lost,
But never lost his Wings.

Miss *Kitty*, Love's great Favourite,
Was there a Stander-by,
And hit upon a new Conceit,
Which she resolv'd to try :

She oft had heard her Lovers sigh,
And praise her Angel-Face,
And raise her Beauties to the Skie,
Where they deserv'd a Place.

She wou'd not trust the flatt'ring Youth,
And gave a careless Ear ;
Yet fain at H——n wou'd know the Truth,
But how shou'd she get there ?

The Urchin's Wings wou'd fit her Shape,
And put it to a Tryal ;
Yet durst not ask the waggish Ape,
She fear'd a perfd Denial.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 21

Young *Cupid*, without Thought or Care,
Of no Design afraid,
Did not suspect the wily Fair,
The seeming harmless Maid.

Whilst Joke and Witty Repartee
Twixt him and Gany past,
She stole his Wings, and merrily,
To P—r's Gate did haste.

Arriving soon, and rapping hard,
Like hasty *Seraphim*,
P—r did to his Post repair,
To let the Angel in.

When Porter P—r op'd the Door,
And saw her Face and Mien,
Of Bows and Scrapes he made some Score,
Expecting she'd come in :

But, pointing to the Earth, the Fair
Then, laughing, said aloud,
I'd rather be an Angel there,
Than one amongst a Croud.

S O N G X V I.

W I T H study'd Airs, and practis'd Smiles,
Flavia my ravish'd Heart beguiles:
The Charms we make are ours alone,
Nature's Works are not our own ;

Her skilful Hand gives ev'ry Grace,
 And shows her Fancy in her Face:
 She feeds with Art on am'rous Rage,
 Nor fears the Force of coming Age.

SONG XVII.

WHY, lovely Charmer, tell me why,
 So very kind, and yet so shy?
 Why does that cold, forbidding Air
 Give Damps of Sorrow and Despair?
 Or why that Smile my Soul subdue,
 And kindle up my Flames anew?

In vain you strive with all your Art,
 By turns to freeze and fire my Heart:
 When I behold a Face so fair,
 So sweet a Look, so soft an Air,
 My ravish'd Soul is charm'd all o'er,
 I cannot love thee less nor more.

SONG XVIII.

WHILE gentle *Parthenissa* walks,
 And sweetly smiles, and gaily talks,
 A thousand Shafts around her flie,
 A thousand Swains unheeded die.
 If then she labours to be seen,
 With all her killing Air and Mien,
 From so much Beauty, so much Art,
 What mortal can secure his Heart?

SONG XIX.

SEE, Britons, see, with awful Eyes,
Britannia from her Seas arise!

Ten Thousand Billows round me roar,
While Winds and Waves engage,
That break in Froth upon my Shore,
And impotently rage.

Such were the Terrors which of late
Surrounded my afflicted State;

United Fury thus was bent
On my devoted Seats,

Till all the mighty Force was spent
In feeble Swells, and empty Threats.

Now with rising Glory crown'd,
My Joys run high, they know no Bounds;

Tides of unruly Pleasure flow

Thro' ev'ry swelling Vein,

New Raptures in my Bosom glow,

And warm me up to Youth again.

Passing Pumps my Streets adorn;

Captive Spoils, in Triumph born,

Standards of Gauls, in Fight subdu'd,

Colours in Hostile Blood embu'd,

Ensigns of tyrannic Might,

Foes to Equity and Right,

In Courts of British Justice wave on high,

Sacred to Law and Liberty.

My crowded Theatres repeat,

In Songs of Triumph, the Defeat.

Did ever joyful Mother see
So bright, so brave a Progeny ?
Daughters with so much Beauty crown'd,
Or Sons for Valour so renown'd !

But oh ! I gaze, and seek in vain
To find amidst this warlike Train
My absent Sons, that us'd to grace
With decent Pride this joyous Place :

Unhappy Youths ! how do my Sorrows rise,
Swell my Breast, and melt my Eyes,
While I your mighty Loss deplore ?

Wild, and raging with Distress,
I mourn, I mourn my own Success,
And boast my Victories no more.

Unhappy Youths ! far from their native Sky,
On *Danube's* Banks interr'd they lie.
Germania, give me back my Slain,
Give me my slaughter'd Sons again.
Was it for this they rang'd so far,
To free thee from oppressive War ?
Germania, &c.

Tears of Sorrow while I shed
O'er the *Manes* of my Dead,
Lasting Altars let me raise
To my living Heroes Praise ;
Heav'n give them a longer Stay,
As glorious Actions to display,
Or perish on as great a Day.

SONG XX.

AS naked almost, and more fair you appear,
Than *Diana*, when spy'd by *Aethon*;
Yet that Stag-hunter's Fate, your Votaries here,
We hope you're too gentle to lay on.

For he, like a Fool, took a Peep, and no more,
So she gave him a large Pair of Horns, Sir:
What Goddess, undrest, such Neglect ever bore?
Or what Woman e'er pardon'd such Scorns, Sir?

The Man who with Beauty feasts only his Eyes,
With the Fair always works his own Ruin;
You shall find by our Actions, our Looks, and our
Sighs,
We're not barely contented with viewing.

SONG XXI.

VENUS has left her *Grecian* Isles,
With all her gaudy Train
Of little Loves, soft Cares and Smiles,
In my larger Breast to reign.

Ye tender Herds and list'ning Deer,
Forget your Food, forget your Fear,
The bright *Victoria* will be here.

The Savages about me throng,
Mov'd with the Passion of my Song,
And think *Victoria* stays too long.

SONG XXII.

TH E rolling Years the Joys restore,
Which happy, happy Britain knew,
When in a Female Age before
Beauty the Sword of Justice drew.

Nymphs and Fauns, and rural Pow'rs,
Of chrystal Floods and shady Bow'rs,
No more shall here preside :

The flowing Wave, and living Green,
Owe only to their present Queen
Their Safety and their Pride.

United Air, and Pleasures bring,
Of tender Note, and tuneful String,
All your Arts devoted are
To move the Innocent and Fair :
While they receive the pleasing Wound,
Eccho repeats the dying Sound.

SONG XXIII.

ASK not the Cause, why sudden Spring
So long delays her Flow'rs to bear?
Why warbling Birds forget to sing,
And Winter Storms invert the Year?
Chloris is gone, and Fate provides
To make it Spring where she resides.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 271

Chloris is gone, the cruel Fair;
 She cast not back a pitying Eye;
 But left her Lover in Despair,
 To sigh, to languish, and to die:
 Ah, how can those fair Eyes endure
 To give the Wounds they will not cure!

Great God of Love, why hast thou made
 A Face that can all Hearts command,
 That all Religions can invade,
 And change the Laws of every Land?
 Where thou had'st plac'd such Pow'r before,
 Thou should'st have made her Mercy more.

When *Chloris* to the Temple comes,
 Adoring Crowds before her fall;
 She can restore the Dead from Tombs,
 And ev'ry Life but mine recal:
 I only am by Love design'd
 To be the Victim for Mankind.

S O N G XXIV.

O H how I languish! what a strange,
 Unruly, fierce Desire!
 My Spirits feel some wond'rous Change,
 My Heart is all on Fire.

Now all my wiser Thoughts, away!
 In vain your Tale ye tell.

Of patient Hopes, and dull Delay;
Love's foppish Part, farewel.

Suppose one Week's Delay wou'd give,
All that my Wishes move,
Oh! who so long a time can live,
Stretch'd on the Rack, on Love?

Her Soul, perhaps, is too sublime
To like such slavish Fear;
Discretion, Prudence, all is Crime,
If once condemn'd by her.

When Honour does the Soldier call
To some unequal Fight,
Resolv'd to conquer, or to fall,
Before his Gen'ral's Sight;

Advanc'd the happy Heroe lives:
Or if ill Fate denies,
The noble Rashness Heav'n forgives,
And gloriously he dies.

SONG XXV.

Sighing and languishing I lay,
A Stranger grown to all Delight;
Passing in tedious Thoughts the Day,
And with unquiet Dreams the Night.

For your dear sake, my only Care
Was how my constant Love to hide;
And ever drooping with Despair,
Neglected all the World beside.

Till, like some Angel from above,
Your Mercy came to my Relief;
And then I found the Joys of Love
Can make Amends for all the Grief.

Those pleasing Hopes I now pursue,
Might fail, if you could prove unjust;
But Promises from Heav'n, and you,
Who is so impious to mistrust?

Here all my Doubts and Troubles end;
That tender Sigh my Soul assures;
Nor am I vain, since I depend
Not on my own Desert, but yours.

S O N G XXVI.

LIKE Children in a Starry Night,
When I beheld those Eyes before,
I gaz'd with Wonder and Delight,
Insensible of all their Pow'r.

I play'd about the Flame so long,
At length I felt the scorching Fire;

My Hopes grew weak, my Passion strong,
And I lay dying with Desire.

By all the Help of human Art,
I just recover'd so much Sense
As to avoid, with heavy Heart,
The fair but fatal Influence.

But, since you shine away Despair,
And now my Sighs no longer shun,
No *Persian* in his zealous Pray'r,
So much adores the rising Sun.

If once again my Vows displease,
There never was so lost a Lover;
In Love, that languishing Disease,
A sad Relapse we ne'er recover.

SONG XXVII.

CRUEL *Amynta*, can you see
A Heart thus torn, which you betray'd?
Love of himself ne'er vanquish'd me,
But thro' your Eyes the Conquest made.

In Ambush there the Traitor lay,
Where I was led by faithless Smiles.
No Wretches are so lost as they,
Who much Security beguiles.

SONG XXVIII.

DEjected as true Converts die,
But yet with fervent Thoughts inflam'd;
O, Fairest, at your Feet I lie,
Of all my Sex's Faults asham'd.

Too long, alas! have I defy'd
The Force of Love's almighty Flame;
And often did aloud deride
His Godhead, as an empty Name.

But since so freely I confess
A Crime, which may your Scorn produce,
Allow me now to make it less,
By any just and fair Excuse.

I then did vulgar Joys pursue,
Variety was all my Bliss;
But ignorant of Love and you,
How could I chuse but do amiss?

If ever now my wand'ring Eyes
Search out Temptations as before;
If once I look, but to despise
Their Charms, and value yours the more;

May sad Remorse, and guilty Shame,
Revenge your Wrongs on faithless me;
And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
May I lose all, in losing thee.

SONG XXIX.

YOUNG *Civiana*, gay and fair,
 Known for her Wit, and well-bred Air,
 A Visit made one Day;
 Where *Cymon*, with an aukward Mien,
 Unluckify for him, came in,
 His Folly to betray.

He bow'd and scrap'd, ne'er took his Chair,
 But wou'd all round salute the Fair,
 Not only those he knew;
 The Visited; but the gay *Belle*,
 The Visitor; ah, Shame to tell!
 The Blockhead kiss'd her too.

And, what was worse, or was as bad,
 The rest, by his Example led,
 Repeated the Affront;
 The Lads did her Resentment shew,
 She snapt her Fan, she bent her Brow;
 Such Rudeness, fie upon't!

Fair one, while thus your Anger burns,
 If *Cymon* to the Place returns,
 As soon, no doubt, he will;
 Be there with twenty Virgins more,
 For Kisses three inflict threescore,
 You can't use him too ill.

Do, at the self-same time and place,
 That all may witness his Disgrace,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 39

Repeat the Punishment;
With throbbing Heart, the guilty Clown
shall your impartial Justice own,
And ——— sit him down content.

SONG XXX.

WHY all this Pride and Scorn, Miss P——
Your Sister's fair, 'tis true;
But still to boast of Charms or Wit,
What just Pretence have you?

With equal Right the livid Moon
Might boast her borrow'd Light;
And fancy, tho' the Sun ne'er shone,
The World would think her bright.
Look down, ye Great, whom Titles crown,
Some Pity on her shew;
She'd quit, (oh! do not on her frown)
Her Friend, or G——, for you.

SONG XXXI.

DAMON ask'd me but once, and I faintly
deny'd,
Resolving to snap him the next time he try'd;
But alas! he's determin'd to ask me no more,
And now makes his Court to the fair Leonore,

But howe'er I'll not grieve, for I'm fully assur'd,
 He ne'er would have taken a Maid at her Word;
 Tho' he's fawning and cringing, I'll venture to say
 The Lover is cold that will take the first Nay.

Had his Love been sincere, and he really in Pain,
 I'm sure he'd have ask'd me again and again:
 So adieu, let him go, for I ne'er will be vex'd;
 The Swain that's in earnest, allows for the Sex.

SONG XXXII.

Without Affectation, gay, youthful, and
 pretty;
 Without Pride or Meanness, familiar and witty
 Without Form obliging, good-natur'd and free;
 Without Art, as lovely as lovely can be.

She acts what she thinks, and thinks what she
 says,
 Regardless alike both of Censure and Praise;
 But her Thoughts, and her Words, and her Actions
 are such,
 That none can admire them, or praise them too
 much.



of ENGLISH SONGS. 35

SONG XXXIII.

GEnteel in Personage,
 Conduct and Equipage,
 Noble by Heritage,
 Gen'rous and free.
 Brave, not romantick,
 Learn'd, not pedantick,
 Gay, but not frantick,
 This must be he.

Honour maintaining,
 Meanness disdaining,
 Still entertaining,
 Engaging and new.
 Neat but not finical,
 Sage, but not cynical,
 Never tyrannical,
 But ever true.

SONG XXXIV.

WHEN *London's* famous Town
 Is almost left alone,
 And Beaus and Belles retreat
 From Duns and empty Streets,
 The founder'd Hack, and rusty Chaise,
 Runs to fair *Windfor*, there to gaze.
 O'er *Hounslow-Heath* away,
 If no C—tier bids us stay;

We soon the Hill ascend,
 And there's our Journey's end:
 The *Town-hall* first salutes our Ears,
 With thund'ring Oaths of Grenadiers.

The Hostler he's in Sight,
 Before we mean to 'light;
 The Barber spies his Prey,
 The Shoe-boy's in your way;
 And ev'ry Sharper in the Place,
 Stares us fiercely in the Face.

Then to the Coffee-Room,
 There's Powder and Perfume;
 Where pamper'd Minions prate,
 Of *Britain's* happy State;
 Who Trade's Decay nor Taxes feel,
 But drink and wh—re, and cry, all's well.

We view the Castle round,
 With Prospects that abound;
 We see the *Champion's Hall*,
 And ev'ry Noble's Stall;
 Where holy Men unite in Pray'r,
 While Booted Cits crowd in to stare.

The *Mermaid*, *Bell* and *Hart*,
 Our Purples sure make smart;
 High Bills without Controul,
 For Wine, Fish, Flesh and Fowl;
 And when we bid the House farewell,
 They hardly ring the welcome Knell.

Th' *Assembly* and the *Park*
Supply each wanton Spark
With Damsels for Delight;
In Honour of the Knight,
The Story's true, I do not forge,
Each Lass at Night must mount St. George.

SONG XXXV.

FAIR Maidens, O! beware
Of using Men too well!
Their Pride is all their Care,
They only kiss to tell.
How hard the Virgin's Fate!
While ev'ry way undone;
The coy grow out of Date,
They're ruin'd, if they're won.

SONG XXXVI.

BACCHUS, God of mortal Pleasure,
Ever give me thy dear Treasure,
How I long for t'other Quart.
Drowsy Waiter,
Since 'tis no later,
Why should good Companions part?
He that's willing,
Whip a Shilling,
E

Follow this Example round:

If you wear a lib'ral Spirit,

Put about the gen'rous Claret,

After Death no Drinking's found.

SONG XXXVII.

A Pox of this fooling and plotting of late,
What a Pother and Stir has it kept in the
State!

Let the Rabble run mad with Suspicions and Fears,
Let them scuffle and jar, till they go by the Ears:
Their Grievances never shall trouble my Pate,
So I can enjoy my dear Bottle at quiet.

What Coxcombs were those who would barter
their Ease,

And their Necks for a Toy, a thin Wafer and
Mafs?

At old Tyburn they never had needed to swing,
Had they been but true Subjects to Drink and their
King:

A Friend and a Bottle is all my Design;
He has no Room for Treason, that's top-full of
Wine.

I mind not the Members and Makers of Laws,
Let them sit or prorogue, as his Majesty please:
Let them damn us to Woollen, I'll never repine
At my Lodging when dead, so alive I have Wine.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 39

Yet oft in my Drink I can hardly forbear
To curse them for making my Claret so dear.

I mind not grave Asses, who idly debate
About Right and Succession, the Trifles of State.
We've a good King already, and he deserves Laugh-
ter,

That will trouble his Head about who shall come
after:

Come here's to his Health, and I wish he may be
As free from all Care and all Trouble as we.

What care I how Leagues with the *Hollanders* go?
Or Intrigues betwixt SYDNEY and Monsieur
d'Avaux?

What concerns it my Drinking, if *Casel* be sold,
If the Conqueror take it by Storm or by Gold?
Good *Bordeaux* alone is the Place that I mind,
And when the Fleet's coming I pray for a Wind.

The Bully of *France*, that aspires to Renown,
By dull cutting of Throats, and vent'ring his own,
Let him fight and be damn'd, and make Matches
and treat,

To afford the Newsmongers and Coffee-house
Chat:

He's but a brave Wretch, while I am more free,
More safe, and a thousand times happier than he.

Come he, or the Pope, or the Devil to boot,
Or come Faggot and Stake, I care not a Great;

Ne'er think that in *Smithfield* I Porters will beat,
 No, I swear, Mr. Fox, pray excuse me for that.
 I'll drink in Defiance of Gibbet and Halter;
 This is the Profession that never will alter.

SONG XXXVIII.

Young Bacchus, when merry, bestriding his
 Tun,

Proclaimed a neighbourly Feast;
 'The first that appear'd was a Man of the Gown,
 A jolly parochial Priest;
 He fill'd up his Bowl, drank a Health to the
 Church,
 Preferring it to the King,
 Altho' he long since had left both in the Lurch,
 Yet he canted like any thing.

The next was a talkative Blade (whom we call
 A Doctor of the civil Law)
 He guzzl'd and drank up the Devil and all,
 As fast as the Drawer could draw;
 But a Health to all Nobles he stiffly deny'd,
 Tho' lustily he could swill,
 Because, still the faster the Quality dy'd,
 It brought the more Grift to his Mill.

The next a Physician to Ladies and Lords,
 Who eases all Sickness and Pain,
 And conjures Distempers away with hard Words,
 Which he knows is the Head of his Gain;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 41

He stept from his Coach, fill'd his Cup to the
Brim,
And quaffing did freely agree,
That *Bacchus*, who gave us such Cordial to drink,
Was a better Physician than he.

The next was a Justice who never read Law,
With twenty Informers behind,
On free-coft he rippl'd, and still bid them draw,
Till his Worship had drank himself blind;
Then reeling away, they rambl'd in quest
Of Drunkards and Jilts of the Town,
That they might be punish'd, to frighten the rest,
Except they would drop him a Crown.

The fifth was a tricking Attorney at Law,
By Tallymen chiefly employ'd,
Who lengthen'd his Bill with *co-by* and *man-*
draw,
And a thousand such *Items* beside;
The Healths that he drank, were to *Westminster*
Hall,
And to all the grave Dons of the Gown;
Rependum in Petro, durentum in Paul,
Such *Latin* sure never was known.

The last that appear'd was a Soldier in red,
With his Hair doubl'd under his Hat,
Who was by his Trade a fine Gentleman made,
Tho' as hungry and poor as a Rat;

He swore by his God, tho' he liv'd by his King,
 Or the Help of some impudent Punk,
 That he would not depart, till he made the Butt
 sing,
 And himself most confoundedly drunk.

SONG XXXIX.

FARE ye well all amorous Troubles,
 I'm resolv'd to shake off *Cupid*;
 I'll no more prize
Belinda's Eyes,

Those Charms that made me stupid.

Love, depart

From my Heart,

And release my free-born Soul ;

Liberty,

Liberty,

Liberty's in a flowing Bowl.

Love will make the wise Man foolish,

And will rob the strong of Vigour ;

But he grows bright,

And strong to fight,

Who drinks the sparkling Liquor,

Love, &c.

See the whining Lover, *Solus,*

To the Woods and the Rivers sighing,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 43

While I among
A jovial Throng
Life's Blessings am enjoying.
Love, &c.

Then fill up a gen'rous Bumper,
That will blithe and merry make us,
Let Lovers spy
Love's in an Bye,
Each Glas shews us a *Bacchus*.
Love, &c.

SONG XL.

A Swain untaught in Arts of Love,
Whom Love cou'd ne'er subdue,
Obsequious bows, but never dies,
Oft pleasing views with wishing Eyes;
Myra and *Chloe* too.

The soothing Virgin, at whose Feet
The Youth first lowly fell,
With courting Eyes and smooth Deceit
His ev'ry Offer seem to greet,
And listen to his Tale.

But *Chloe* she a wanton Fair,
Whose Beauties well prevail'd,
With way'ring Mind oft Love deny'd,
And if her secret Heart comply'd,
Yet Affectation fail'd.

Now trust me, fair one, wou'd ye wish
 The Swain might cease to rove,
 Of stiddy Temper always be,
 From foolish Affectation free,
 And each with Caution love.

Let *Chloe* leave affecting Pride,
 Myra from Fraud repair;
 His Heart (believe!) howe'er it burns,
 To one of you at length returns,
 And seeks its Bosom there.

SONG XLI.

SAY, all ye Friends that now are met
 Around this sparkling Bowl,
 Does any sad unhappy Fate
 Lag heavy on the Soul.

Does any here the Lover mourn
 Of some imperious Fair,
 Who treats his Offerings with Scorn,
 And kills him with Despair?

Or is there any weary'd Mind
 With Poverty so great,
 As keeps his Joys too close confin'd,
 In slavish Goals of Debt?

If so, drink twice a single Share,
 Quick toss the Liquor round,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 43

And you shall find that stupid Care
Will presently be drown'd.

See, see the Bowl with pleasing Smiles
Invites us to a Bliss;
All cloudy Sorrows it beguiles,
And flows all Happiness.

Come join in Chorus, to the Praise
Of the great God of Wine;
O jolly Bacchus! powerful God,
All Happiness is thine.

S O N G XLII.

Y OU Fair, who play Tricks to be fairer, draw
near,
As a Warning to tamper no more, you shall hear
What a Prank of this kind had one like to have
cost,
And the best in all Christendom had like to have
lost. *Derry down.*

All know what is good to assist the Digestion,
To clear Poets Brains, and a Lady's Complexion;
To name it out-right, I've been told 'tis not clean,
And none are so dull not to know what I mean.

A Nymph who ne'er yet work'd in Hymen's soft
Yoke,
To heighten her Charms, once this Med'cine be-
spoke;

She's chaste, and she's fair, and a Virgin of Honour,

Who lawfully wishes to take Man upon her.

None hold it absurd, that to brighten her Face,
She should think of applying a Wash to her A--e
If a fair Flower droops, to enliven the Shoot,
You touch not the Top, but you water the Root,

The things were all ready, the Nymph on her Bed
Her B—— lay exalted, and low lay her Head
Her Coats o'er her Neck were conveniently
thrown,

And I wou'd, but I dare not, tell all that was
shown.

The Maid now approaches, to begin Operation,
No Monarch, I ween, but might cover the Station
Laud! what are ye fumbling? she cry'd, Betty
come,

If you follow your Nose, you're as sure as a Gun

With your Hand try the Heat tho' before you be-
gin,

And for G--'s sake take care to grease well the
Machine;

For your thing is so stiff, and my Hole is so small,
If you enter too roughly, I surely shall squaul.

Never doubt of my Caution, poor Betty reply'd,
But lend your Hand, my dear Miss, and that shall
be my Guide;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 47

Miss lent her her Hand, and Miss gave her her
Cue,

at her Business, alas! *Betty's* thing wou'd not do.

was thrust in as far as 'twou'd go, but in vain,
Miss cry'd, I feel nothing, good *Betty*, but Pain;
and such Pain, that not more I believe 'twould
have cost,

Were a Man on the Bed, and my Maiden-head lost.

Let us open the Bladder--the Devil, what's here?

Smell Vinegar sure——Is this, *Betty*, your care?

May see all the Liquor is turn'd to a Curd,

'Tis no Wonder the Clyster don't prove worth a
T--d.

Now the old Proverb lyes, that says Sh----n Luck's
good!

Had I taken the Med'cine, 't had surely fetch'd
Blood;

May, so sharp is its Nature, if once that comes
there,

believe it had flea'd me all around to a Hair.

When Danger was near, one thanks G-- for the
'Scape,

could not have been gladder had it been from a
Rape.

Then I'll try no more Tricks, but let Nature pre-
vail,

For it shan't be a Maid that pokes next in my
T--l.

So she drest, and away to the Circle at Court,
 The brightest of all, where the brightest resort;
 Nor wanted to borrow Assistance from Art,
 To delight ev'ry Eye, and attack ev'ry Heart.

SONG XLIII.

WHAT care I for Affairs of State,
 Or who is rich, or who is great!
 How far abroad th' Ambitious roam,
 To bring both Gold and Silver home!
 What is't to me, if *France* or *Spain*
 Consents to Peace, or War maintain?
 I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,
 And wish all well at *Gibraltar*;
 But mind a Cardinal no more
 Than any other scarlet Whore:
 Grant me, ye Pow'rs, but Health and Rest,
 And let who will the World contest.
 Near some smooth Stream oh! let me keep
 My Liberty, and feed my Sheep:
 A shady Walk, well lin'd with Trees;
 A Garden with a Range of Bees;
 An Orchard which good Apples bears,
 When Spring a long green Mantle wears.
 Where Winters never are severe;
 Good Barley Land to make good Beer;
 With Entertainment for a Friend,
 In Peace to spend my latter End;
 In honest Ease, and home-spun Grey,
 And let the Ev'ning crown the Day.

SONG XLIV.

Should I die by the Force of good Wine,
'Tis my Will, when I fall, that a Tun be my
Shrine,

And for the Age to come,
Engrave this Story on my Tomb:
Here lies a Body, once so brave,
Who with drinking made his Grave.

Since thus to die will purchase Fame,
And raise an everlasting Name,
Drink away, drink away, drink, &c.

And dare to be nobly interr'd:

Let Misers and Slaves

Sneak into their Graves,

And rot in a dirty Church Yard.

SONG XLV.

As early I walk'd on the first of sweet May,
Beneath a steep Mountain,

Beside a clear Fountain,

I heard a grave Lute soft Melody play,

Whilst the Eccho resounded the dolorous Lay.

Listen'd and look'd, and spy'd a young Swain,

With Aspect distressed,

And Spirits oppress'd,

50 A COLLECTION

Seem'd clearing afresh, like the Skie after Rain,
And thus he discover'd how he strove with his
Pain.

Tho' *Eliza* be coy, why shou'd I repine,
That a Maid much above me
Vouchsafes not to love me?

In her high Sphere of Worth I never cou'd shine,
Then why shou'd I seek to debase her to mine?

No! henceforth Esteem shall govern Desire,
And in due Subjection,
Retain warm Affection,
To shew that Self-love inflames not my Fire,
And that no other Swain can more humbly admire,

When Passion shall cease to rage in my Breast,
Then Quiet returning
Shall hush my sad Mourning,
And, Lord of my self, in absolute Rest,
I'll hug the Condition that Heav'n thinks best.

Thus Friendship unmix'd, and wholly refin'd,
May still be respected,
Tho' Love is rejected:
Eliza shall own, tho' to Love not inclin'd,
That she ne'er had a Friend like her Lover resign'd.

May the fortunate Youth, who hereafter shall
wooe
With prosp'rous Endeavour,
And gain her dear Favour,

OF ENGLISH SONGS. 51

Know as well as I what *Elixa* is due,
Be much more deserving, but never less true.

Whilst I, disengag'd from all amorous Cares,
Sweet Liberty tasting,
On calmest Peace feasting;
Employing my Reason to dry up my Tears,
In Hopes of Heaven's Bliss I'll spend my few
Years.

Ye Powers that preside o'er vertuous Love,
Come aid me with Patience,
To bear my Vexations;
With equal Desires my flutt'ring Heart move,
With Sentiments purest my Notions improve.

If Love in his Fetters e'er catch me again,
May Courage protect me,
And Prudence direct me;
Prepar'd for all Fates, rememb'ring the Swain
Who grew happily wise after loving in vain.

SONG XLVI.

WITH broken Words, and down-cast Eyes,
Poor *Collin* spoke his Passion tender,
And, parting from his *Grissy*, cries,
Ah! woe's my Heart that we should sunder.
To others I am cold as Snow,
But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder:

32 A COLLECTION.

From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go;
It breaks my Heart that we should funder,

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,
No Beauty new my Love shall hinder,
Nor Time nor Place shall ever change
My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to funder.
The Image of thy graceful Air,
And Beauties which invite our Wonder,
Thy lively Wit and Prudence rare,
Shall still be present, tho' we funder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;
Then seal a Promise with a Kiss,
Always to love me, tho' we funder.
Ye Gods, take care of my dear Lark,
That as I leave her I may find her,
When that blest Time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again, and never funder.

S O N G XLVII.

Believe my Sighs, my Tears, my Dear,
Relieve the Heart you've won;
Believe my Vows to you sincere,
Or, Meggy, I'm undone:
You say I'm fickle, and apt to change,
At ev'ry Face that's new;
But of all the Girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My Heart was but a Lump of Ice,
Till warm'd by your bright Eyes;
But ah! it kindled in a Trice
A Flame which never dies:
Come, take me, try me, and you will find,
Tho' you say that I'm not true,
Of all the Girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

SONG XLVIII.

TWAS on a Sun-shine Summer's Day,
When ev'ry Tree look'd green and gay;
The Morning blush'd on Phœbus' Rays,
Just then descended from the Skies,
As Strephon did a hunting ride,
A lonely Cottage he esp'y'd,
Where lovely Chloë spinning sat,
Whilst still she turn'd her Wheel about.

Her Face ten thousand Beauties crown,
Her curling Hair was lovely brown;
Her Eyes all other Hearts did win;
As soft as Down of Swan her Skin;
So taking her plain Dress appears,
Her Age not passing Sixteen Years,
The Swain lay sighing at her Feet,
Whilst still she turn'd her Wheel about.

Come, come to Court with me, my Dear,
Partake my Love and Honour there,
And leave this rural Life here out,
And turn no more your Wheel about.

With this and some few modest Sighs,
She turn'd to him her lovely Eyes;
Tempt me no more, dear Sir, she cries,
Nor seek my Weakness to surprize:

I know Men a'n't to be believ'd,
I know that Virgins are deceiv'd,
Therefore let me my Life wear out,
And turn my harmless Wheel about.

On this dear panting Breast, cries he,
While yet he seem'd his Fidelity;
Nay, by my Soul, which rests on thee,
That cannot, must not, shall not be.
His cunning Tongue so play'd its part,
He gain'd Admission to her Heart;
That now she thinks it is no Sin
To take Loves fatal Poison in:

But ah! too soon she found her Fault,
When he her Charms had soon forgot,
And left her, ere the Year was out,
In Tears to turn her Wheel about.



of ENGLISH SONGS. 95

SONG XLIX.

Jockey. **A**H! my fickle Jenny,
While there was nor any

In all the North had Pow'r to win ye,

But Jockey only to his Arms,

Ne'er a Lad in all the Nation

Was in so happy a Station

As Jockey, when in the Possession

Of Jenny in her early Charms.

Jenny. Had you still address'd me,

As once you carest'd me,

None other Lad had e'er possess'd me,

But thine alone I now had been ;

Had I ever been in Vogue w'ye,

And had ye let none else colloque ye,

Nor rambled after Katherine Ogie,

I'd sped as well as any Queen.

Jockey. Moggy of Dunfermling

Is now my only Darling,

Who sings as sweet as any Starling,

And dances with a bonny Air ;

Moggy is so kind and tender,

If Fate was ready now to end her,

Con'd I but from the Sroke defend her,

I'd die if he would Moggy spare.

Jenny. Sawney me carestles,

Whose Bagpipe so pleases,

That my poor Heart ne'er at Ease is,

But when we are together baith;
 I'd so heartily befriend him,
 If Fate was ready now to end him,
 Cou'd I but from the Stroke defend him,
 Ten thousand times I'd suffer Death.

Jockey. Come, let's leave off this Fooling,
 My Heart ne'er was cooling,
 None ever there but thee was ruling,
 But thus our Hearts we fondly try.

Jenny. To thy Arms if I shou'd restore me,
 Shou'd all the Lairds i'th' Land adore me,
 Nay, our good King himself sue for me,
 With thee I'd ever live and die.

SONG L.

YE fair injur'd Nymphs, and ye Beaus who
 deceive 'em,
 Who with Passion engage, and without Reason
 leave 'em,
 Draw near, and attend, how the Hero I sing
 Was foil'd by a Girl, tho' at Arms he was King.
 Crests, Motto's, Supporters, and Bearers knew he,
 And deeply was study'd in old Pedigree;
 He wou'd sit a whole Ev'ning, and, not without
 Rapture,
 Tell who begot whom, to the end of the Chapter.

In forming his Tables, nought griev'd him but sole-
ly
That the Man died *Celebs*, or else *fine Peale*:
At last, having trac'd others Families down,
He began to have Thoughts of increasing his own.

A Damsel he chose, not too slow of Belief,
And fain wou'd be deem'd her Admirer in chief:
He blazon'd his Suit, and the Sum of his Tale
Was, his Field and her Field, join'd *party per Pale*.

In different Stile, to tie faster the Noose,
He next would attack her in soft Billet-doux:
His Argent and Sable were laid quite aside;
Plain *English* he wrote, and in plain black and
white.

Against such Atchievements what Beauty could
fence?

Or who would have thought it was all but Pretence?
His Pain to relieve, and fulfil his Desire,
The Lady agreed to join Hands with the 'Squire.

The 'Squire, in a Fret, that the Jest went so far,
Consider'd, with speed, how to put in a Barr:
His Word bound not him, since her's did not confine
her;

And that is plain Law, because Miss is a Minor.

Miss briskly reply'd, that the Law was too hard,
If she who is a Minor, may not be a *W*—
In Law then confiding, she took it upon her,
By Justice, to mend these foul Breaches of Honour.

She handled him so, that few would (I warrant)
 Have been in his Coar, on so sleeveless an Errand.
 She made him give Bond for stamp'd Argent and
 Or,
 And sabled his Shield, with Gules blazon'd before

Ye Heralds, produce, from the time of the Nor
mans,
 In all your Records, such a base Non-performance
 Or if without Instance the Case is we touch on;
 Let this be set down as a *Blot in his Scutcheon.*

S O N G L I.

MY Masters give Ear,
 And a Story you'll hear
 Of a fine Raree-Show and a Garter;
 Ne'er was seen such a Sight,
 Since *Tom Thumb* was a Knight,
 In the Days of our noble King *Arthur.*

When King *George* was abroad,
 'Twas a Season thought good,
 To shew us King *Robin* in Glory,
 With his Squires in a Row,
 And his Knights two by two,
 All as gallant as Sir *John Dory.*

E'en Baronets here
 Humble Squires did appear,
 And Members were proud of the Station;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 59

And who would not be still
For the Civil-List Bill
To have a Place in a sham Coronation?

They all walk'd, but their Prince
Did with Riding dispense,
And with Bathing, a troublesome Rite-a;
For he knew 'twas in vain,
They cou'd ne'er be wash'd clean,
Any more than a Black-a-moor white-a.

In the Abbey that Day
Men did all things but pray;
There was Ale, Wine, and Gin for the Rabble,
Such Doings unclean
In a Church ne'er was seen,
Since the Days that old *Paul's* was a Stable.

In the Isles, if you please,
You your Bodies might ease,
By the Suff'ring at least of your Betters,
O *Stanhope*! had'st thou
Been alive but till now,
To have seen a Jakes made of *St. Peter's*,

An odd Way they all took
Thro' a blind crooked Nook
In the Church, for their Robes to be seen-a;
But then Scaffolds had they,
To direct them the Way,
Where they seldom or never had been-a.

60 A COLLECTION

After this, they all took
 An odd Oath with the Book,
 In the Days of old Popery known-a:
 To be true all their Lives
 To all Women but Wives,
 To all Ladies excepting their own-a.

Which Oath, if they broke,
 Then their Sovereign's Cook
 Was to hack off the Spurs of each Don-a;
 But 'twas much if he cou'd,
 For his Eyes must be good,
 To discern that they had any on-a.

Then this being done,
 To their Dinner they run
 With Stomachs so sharp and so keen-a,
 Without Grace they fall to,
 As they used to do,
 Never minding their Chaplain the Dean-a.

To the closing of all,
 They at Night had a Ball,
 Where their Damsels were dress'd to receive 'em:
 What farther was done,
 Will be better unknown,
 For 'tis decent that here we should leave 'em.



SONG LII.

WHEN my Love the other Day
Prais'd my Charms, and full of Play,

In his Words such Musick hung,
Passion grew while *Damon* sung;

Then he prest me,
How he blest me!

Telling me a thousand Lies
Of my Lips, my Breasts and Eyes.

Prompted by the Fire of Youth,
Thinking all he said was Truth,

I, poor easy yielding Maid,
By the Traitor was betray'd;

He caress'd me,
And posses'd me,

Blasting all my growing Charms;
Maids, beware, and dread such Harms.

The Answer.

WHEN my Love the other Day
In my Arms so fondly lay,

In her Words such Musick hung,
Passion grew while *Chloe* sung;

I caress'd her,
Fondly prest her;

Oh! how happy then was I!
How I blest my Destiny!

62 A COLLECTION

But she now so strange is grown,
Looks on me as quite unknown,
Whilst I Reason none can see
Why she thus so coy shou'd be:
Now I languish,
Pine with Anguish,
Still she slights my tortur'd Mind;
Women are a fickle Kind,

SONG LIII.

As the *Delian* God
To fam'd *Helicon*
From Heav'n's high Court descended down,
There the tuneful Muses playing he found
A Sonata divinely rare;
When *Talia* touch'd the charming Flute,
Erato struck the warbling Lute,
And *Clio*'s Treble joining to't,
Made the Harmony beyond compare.
Then *Euterpe*'s full Bass
The sweet Consort did raise,
And with Pleasure Sense alarm'd;
Ev'ry Note was enjoy'd,
Ev'ry Hand was employ'd;
With Sounds of Joy the flow'ry Vallies rung;
Apollo gaz'd, and silent was his Tongue;
But, when his dear *Calliope* sung,
Ah! then the God was charm'd.

SONG LIV.

TO you fair Ladies, now in Town,
 We Country-men do write,
 And do invite you to come down
 To taste of our Delight:
 The Weather's fine, the Fields are gay,
 And 'tis the pleasant Month of May,
Fal, lal, &c.

The Country's now in all its Pride,
 New dress'd in lovely Green;
 The Earth, with various Colours spread,
 Displays a lovely Scene;
 A thousand pretty Flow'rs appear
 To deck your Bosom and your Hair,
Fal, lal, &c.

The Cuckow's pick'd up all the Dirt,
 The Trees are all in Bloom;
 If rural Musick can divert,
 Each Bush affords a Tune;
 The Turtle's heard in ev'ry Grove,
 And Milk-maids sing their Songs of Love,
Fal, lal, &c.

Con'd we persuade you to come down,
 Our Joys would be compleat;
 Dear Ladies, leave the noisy Town,
 And to our Shades retreat;

Wou'd you but in our Shades appear,
 You'd make our Fields *Elysium* here,
Fal, lal, &c.

We'll shew you all our Cowslip-Meads,
 And pleasant Woods and Springs,
 And lead you to the tuneful Shades
 Where *Philomela* sings,
 Sweet *Philomel*, whose warbling Throat
 Excels your *Senecio*'s Note,
Fal, lal, &c.

For you we deck and trim our Bow'rs,
 And make our Gardens fine;
 For you preserve our choicest Flow'rs,
 That now are in their prime:
 The murm'ring Brooks accuse your Stay,
 And Zephyrs sigh for your Delay,
Fal, lal, &c.

Come then, and take our Morning Air,
 Just rose from flow'ry Beds;
 'Tis better than your Snuff, by far,
 And all Perfumes exceeds:
 Our Ev'ning Walks more Pleasure bring
 Than gay Dark and crowded Ring,
lal, &c.

your own sakes, if not for ours,
 The dusty Town forego;
 Fresh Air will give your Eyes new Pow'rs,
 And make each Beauty glow;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 865

Twill to the Lily add the Rose,
And ev'ry brighter Charm disclose,
Fol, lab, &c.

SONG LV.

HARK! away, 'tis the merry ton'd Horn
Calls the Hunters all up with the Morn:
To the Hills and the Wood-lands they steer,
To unharbour the out-lying Deer.

CHORUS of Huntsmen.

*All the Day long
This, this is our Song;
Still bollowing,
And following,
So frolick and free;
Our Joys know no Bounds,
While we're after the Hounds,
No Mortals on Earth are so jolly as we
Round the Woods when we beat how we
While the Hills they all eccho Hillo!
With a Bounce from his Cover when he flies,
Then our Shouts they resound to the Skies,
And all the Day long, &c.
When we sweep o'er the Vallies, or climb
Up the Heath-breathing Mountain sublime,*

What a Joy from our Labours we feel,
Which alone they who taste can reveal,
And all the Day long, &c.

SONG LVI.

MAKE haste and away, mine only Dear,
Make haste and away, away,
For all at the Gate
Your true Love does wait,
And I prithee make no Delay.

O how shall I steal away, my Love,
O how shall I steal away?
My Daddy is near,
And I dare not, for fear,
Pray come then another Day.

is the only Day, my Love,
is the only Day!
draw him aside,
And throw the Gates wide,
And then you may steal away.
Then prithee make no Delay, dear Boy,
Then prithee make no Delay;
We'll serve him a Trick,
For I'll slip in the Nick,
And to my true Love away.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 167

O Cupid! befriend this loving Pair,
O Cupid! befriend 'em, I pray;
May their Stratagem take,
For thine own sweet sake,
And Amen let all true Lovers say.

SONG LVII.

Beneath a Cypress lying,
Young Damon told his Pain,
While hollow Rocks replying,
Prolong'd the mournful Strain.

The falling Rills, combining,
In Murmurs sweetly flow;
And Winds, in Concert joining,
Compos'd melodious Woe.

O Cupid! dear Deceiver,
Thou Cause of all my Care!
O tell me! must I leave her
For ever lose my Fair?

Ah! say, what Habitation
Conceals her from my Eyes?
I'd range the whole Creation
To find the lovely Prize.

In all the Works of Nature
Her Equal none can view;

No Spices e'er were sweeter,
No Turtle-dove so true.

The Smile which Morn discloses,
Her Eyes indulgent shed,
The Blush of op'ning Roses
Adorns her Cheeks with Red.

But thou, the Guardian cruel
With whom is lodg'd my Store,
Hast far remov'd my Jewel,
To bless my Sight no more.

Yet when the Fates convey me
To *Pluto's* gloomy Shade,
When Rage and Anguish slay me,
My Ghost shall serve the Maid;

Shall, when she sleeps, befriend her,
And all her Slumbers guide,
Shall, when she wakes, attend her,
And hover near her Side.

Thus all alone lamenting,
The Lover press'd the Plain,
While Winds their Murmurs venting,
With Tribute paid the Swain.

When strait his Ears alarming,
A Nymph was heard to say,
(No Musick, sweetly charming,
Such Notes could e'er convey)

Cease, cease, no more afflict thee,
But give thy Mind Content ;
I'll to the Fair direct thee,
He bow'd, obey'd, and went.

SONG LVIII.

AS down in the Meadow one Morning I past,
O there I beheld a beautiful Lass,
Her Age I am sure it was scarcely Fifteen,
And she on her Head wore a Garland of Green;
Her Lips were like Rubies, and as for her Eyes,
They sparkled like Di'monds or Stars in the Skies,
And as for her Voice, it was charming and clear,
And she sung a Song for the Loss of her Dear.

Why does my Love *Billy* prove false and unkind ?
What makes him to change like the wavering
Wind ?

From one that is loyal in ev'ry Degree,
What makes him to change to another from me ?
Does he delight in my sad Overthrow !
Or does he delight to torture me so ?
His *Susan* will always prove true to her Trust,
I'm sorry that *Billy* should prove so unjust.

In the Meadows, as we were a making of Hay,
O there we did pass the sweet Minutes away ;
And, as he went early to Harrow and Plough,
I milk'd him sweet Sullibubs under my Cow ;

O then was I kissed, and set on his Knee;
 No Man in the World was so loving as he:
 I lull'd him to Sleep, and I watch'd him the while,
 And when he did wake, it was with a sweet Smile.

But now he has left me, and Fanny the Fair
 Employs all his Wishes, his Thoughts, and his Care,
 He kisses her Hand, and sets her on his Knee,
 And says all the fine things he once said to me;
 But if she believes him, the false-hearted Swain
 Will leave her, and then she with me may com-
 plain;
 For nothing's more certain, believe, silly Sue,
 Who once has been false, will never prove true.

Her Song being ended, she rose to be gone,
 When over the Meadow came jolly young John,
 He told her that she was the Joy of his Life;
 And, if she'd consent, he'd make her his Wife;
 Which she not refusing, to Church they both went,
 Young Billy forgot, and young Susan content:
 Most Men are like Billy, most Women like Sue,
 And if Men will prove false, why should Women
 prove true?

SONG LIX.

MY time, oh! ye Muses, was happily spent,
 When Phebe went with me wherever I went;
 Ten thousand soft Pleasures I felt in my Breast,
 Sure never fond Shepherd like Collin was blest!

of ENGLISH SONGS. 79

But now she is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous Change on a sudden I find!
When things were as fine as cou'd possibly be,
I thought 'twas the Spring, but alas! it was she.

With such a Companion to tend a few Sheep,
To rise up to play, or to lie down to sleep,
I was so good-humour'd, so chearful and gay,
My Heart was as light as a Feather all Day;
But I so cross and so peevish am grown,
So strangely uneasy as never was known,
My fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd,
And my Heart I am sure it weighs more than a
Pound.

The Fountain, that wont to run sweetly along,
And dance to soft Murmurs the Pebbles among,
Thou know'st, little *Cupid*, if *Phebe* was there,
'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Musick to hear;
But now she is absent, I walk by its Side,
And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;
But you be so chearful! why I go in Pain?
Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me com-
plain.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentimes
play,
And when *Phebe* and I were as joyful as they,
How pleasant their Sporting, how happy the Times,
When Spring, Love and Beauty were all in their
Prime!

But now in their Frolicks when by me they pass,
 I fling at their Fleeces an Handfal of Grass;
 Be still then, I cry for it makes me quite mad
 To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My Dog I was very well pleased to see
 Come wagging his Tail to my fair one and me;
 And *Phebe* was pleas'd too, and to the Dog said,
 Come hither, poor Fellow, and patted his Head:
 But now when he's fawning, I with a sour Look
 Cry, Sirrah! and give him a Blow with my Crook;
 And I'll give him another, for why should not *Trey*
 Be as dull as his Master, when *Phebe's* away?

When walking with *Phebe*, what Sights have I
 seen!

How fair was the Flow'r, how fresh was the Green
 What a lovely Appearance the Trees and the Shade,
 The Corn-fields and Hedges, and ev'ry thing made
 But since she has left me, tho' all are still there,
 They none of them now so delightful appear;
 'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes,
 Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

Sweet Musick went with us both all the Wood thro',
 The Lark, Linnet, Thrush, and Nightingale too;
 Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,
 And chirp went the Grasshopper under our Feet:
 But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,
 The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone;
 Her Voice is the Concert, as now I have found,
 Gave every thing else its agreeable Sound.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 73

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue?
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue?
Does aught of its Sweetness the Blossom beguile?
That Meadow, those Dailies, why do they not
smile?

Ah! Rivals, I see what it is that you dress
And made your selves fine for, a Place in her
Breast;

You put on your Colours to pleasure her Eye,
To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps, 'till my *Phebe* return,
While amidst the soft Zephyr's cool Breezes I burn!
Methinks, if I knew where-about he would tread,
I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt
down the Lead;

Fly swiftly, ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,
And rest so much longer for't, when she is here.

Ah! *Collin*, old Time is full of Delay,
Nor will budge one Foot faster for all thou can't
say.

Will no pitying Power, that hears me complain,
Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?

To be cur'd, thou must, *Collin*, thy Passion remove,
But what Swain is so silly to live without Love?

No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,

For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sadly forlorn:

Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with Despair:

Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye love one so fair.

SONG LX.

WHITE as her Hand, fair *Julia* threw
 A Ball of silver Snow;
 The frozen Globe fir'd as it flew,
 My Bosom felt it glow.

Strange Pow'r of Love! whose great Command
 Can thus a Snow-ball arm;
 When sent, fair *Julia*, from thy Hand,
 Ev'n Ice it self can warm.

How shou'd we then secure our Hearts?
 Love's Pow'r we all must feel;
 Who thus can by strange magick Arts
 In Ice his Flame conceal?

'Tis thou alone, fair *Delia*, know,
 Can'st quench my fierce Desire,
 But not with Water, Ice, nor Snow,
 But with an equal Fire.

SONG LXI.

WHEN first I sought fair *Calia's* Love,
 And ev'ry Charm was new,
 I swore by all the Gods above
 To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
 Long wept and sigh'd in vain;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 75

She still protested, vow'd, and swore
She ne'er wou'd ease my Pain.

At last, o'ercome, she made me blest,
And yielded all her Charms;
And I forsook her, when possess'd,
And fled to others Arms.

But let not this, dear *Calia*, now
Thy Breast to Rage incline;
For why, since you forgot your Vow,
Shou'd I remember mine?

SONG LXII.

TOO plain, dear Youth, these tell-tale Eyes
My Heart your own declare;
But, for Heav'n's sake, let it suffice,
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost Pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your Sway;
Pres not for what I must deny,
For fear I shou'd obey.

But cou'd your Arts successful prove,
Wou'd you a Maid undo,
Whose greatest Failing is her Love,
And that her Love for you.

Say, wou'd you use that very Pow'r

You from her Fondness claim,

To ruin in one fatal Hour

A Life of spotless Fame?

Ah! cease, my Dear, to do an Ill,

Because perhaps you may;

But rather try your utmost Skill

To save me, than betray.

Be you your self my Virtue's Guard,

Defend, and not pursue,

Since 'tis a Task for me too hard,

To strive with Love and you.

SONG LXIII.

CLORINDA does at Fifty Six

To youthful Charms lay claim,

Saunters and lisps, plays Monkey Tricks,

At ev'ry Heart takes Aim.

Aukwardly gay, the Coquet apes,

And rolls her dying Eyes,

Assumes Variety of Shapes,

Yet makes, alas! no Prize.

Twelve different Arts one Hour will shew,

Our stubborn Hearts t'engage;

But all these Arts will never do

To blind us to her Age.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 77

Fain she'd avoid the heavy Curse
Laid on the ancient *Belle*,
But as she has no heavy Purse,
She must lead Apes in Hell.

SONG LXIV.

U Nhappy *Strephon*, dead and cold,
His Heart was from his Bosom rent,
Embal'm'd, and in a Box of Gold,
To his beloved *Kitty* sent.

Some Ladies might perhaps have fainted,
But *Kitty* smil'd upon the Bauble :
A Pin-cushion, said she, I wanted ;
Go——put it on my Dressing-Table.

SONG LXV.

F AIR *Ismana's* blooming Beauty,
Triumphs o'er my beating Breast ;
Love contending there with Duty,
How, alas! am I distressed !

Reason now my Soul assailing,
Checks Love's Fires with Heaps of Snow,
But *Ismana's* Charms prevailing,
I again with Passion glow.

78 4 COLLECTION

Beauty thus my Breast possessing,
Whither, whither shall I fly?
Absence but my Flame encreasing,
I with double Anguish die.

Now, thro' distant Climates ranging,
Peace, alas! I no where find;
Place, tho' still the Body's changing,
Whoe'er left his Heart behind?

SONG LXVI.

A Nother Year is roll'd away,
Again returns thy natal Day;
Thy Beauties now matur'd by Time,
And all thy Charms are in their Prime.

So, in the Month of June, the Rose,
Brightest of all the Garden shows;
The Flow'rs around, in vain, compare;
It blooms, like thee, supremely fair.

And long may all thy Beauties last,
Preserv'd from ev'ry nipping Blast!
And long may gracious Heaven shed
Its choicest Blessings on thy Head!

Miranda, may'st thou never know
Tormenting Care, nor weeping Woe;
But may each smiling Hour present
Calm Happiness, and rich Content.

A Length of Years, from Youth to Age,
Exempt from fickle Fortune's Rage,
In Health and Pleasure may'st thou pass,
Till Time presents the finish'd Glass.

SONG LXVII.

SHE sung—with such a Sweetness sung,
And look'd with such a Grace,
Methought I heard an Angel's Tongue,
And saw an Angel's Face.

Of Beauty such a winning Charm,
Such Innocence of Soul;
At once the coldest Heart may warm,
The warmest may controul.

And shall then Gold—(O impious Thought!)
Such Excellence out-weigh?
Can she (O vile Exchange!) be bought
To brutal Lust a Prey?

Are these the Fruits of Charms divine?
O wond'rous hapless Maid!
And do the more thy Graces shine,
The more to be betray'd?

But know, O Fair! the World's a Stage,
And Life itself a Play;
The vary'd Act, a vary'd Age,
The changeful Scene, a Day.

80 A COLLECTION

How sweetly hast thou fill'd thy Part,
As *Casmire's* gen'rous Wife!
Be still the same, and keep thy Heart
Still spotless in thy Life.

O! Scorn a *Polly's* tawdry Fate——
No, still be nobly poor:
What Gold can gild, or change the Hate-
ful Name or Guilt of W——
Nor need'st thou (as I judge) be told,
No Sums can countervail the Cost,
(Tho' Crowns or Garters give the Gold)
Of Innocence and Virtue lost.

SONG LXVIII.

TELL me, *Dorinda*, why so gay,
With such Embroid'ry, Fringe and Lace?
Can any Dresses find a way
To stop th' Approaches of Decay,
And mend a ruin'd Face?

Wilt thou still sparkle in the Box,
And ogle in the Ring?
Can'st thou forget thy Age and Pox?
Can all that shines on Shells and Rocks
Make thee a fine young thing?

So have I seen in Larder dark
Of Veal a lucid Loin,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 81

Replete with many a hellish Spark,
As wise Philosophers remark,
At once both stink and sing.

SONG LXIX.

I Love thee, by Heavens, I cannot say more;
Then set not my Passion a-cooling;
If thou yield'st not at once, I must e'en give thee
o'er,
For I'm but a Novice at fooling.

What my Love wants in Words, it shall make up
in Deeds,
Then why shou'd we waste Time in Snuff, Child?
A Performance, you wot well, a Promise exceeds,
And a Word to the Wife is enough, Child.

I know how to love, and to make that Love
known,
But I hate all protesting and arguing;
Had a Goddess my Heart, she shou'd e'en lie alone,
If she made many Words to a Bargain.

I'm a Quaker in Love, and but barely affirm
Whate'er my fond Eyes have been saying;
Pr'ythee, be thou so too, seek for no better Term,
But e'en throw thy Yea or thy Nay in.

I cannot bear Love, like a Chancery Suit;
The Age of a Patriarch depending;

Then pluck up a Spirit, no longer be mute,
Give it one way or other an Ending.

Long Courtship's the Vice of a phlegmatick Fool,
Like the Grace of fanatical Sinners,
Where the Stomachs are lost, and the Victuals
grow cool,
Before Men sit down to their Dinners.

SONG LXX.

EACH Glance from *Margarett's* Eyes
Can Life or Death dispense,
Whene'er she frowns her Lover dies,
Her Smiles recal departing Sense.

If barely to behold can move
To such a vast Degree,
O let my Raptures still improve,
To taste as well as see.

SONG LXXI.

GOD prosper long our noble King,
And likewise *Eden-Hall*;
A doleful Drinking-bout I sing
There lately did befall.

To chase the Spleen with Cup and Can
Duke *Philip* took his way;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 83

Babes yet unborn shall never see
Such drinking as that Day.

The stout and ever thirsty Duke
A Vow to God did make,
His Pleasure within *Cumberland*
Three live-long Nights to take.

Sir *Musgrave* too, of *Martindale*,
A true and worthy Knight,
Ekfoons with him a Bargain made
In drinking to delight,

The Bumper swiftly pass'd about,
Six in a Hand went round,
And with their calling for more Wine,
They made the Hall resound.

Now when these merry Tidings reach'd
The Earl of *Harold's* Ears,
Am I, quoth he, with a great Oath,
So slighted by my Peers.

Saddle my Horse, bring me my Boots,
I'll with them be right quick,
And, Master Sheriff, come you too;
We'll fit them for this Trick.

Lo! yonder doth Earl *Harold* come,
Did one at Table say;
Tis well, reply'd the mettled Duke,
How will he get away?

When thus the Earl began : Great Duke,
I'll know how this did chance,
Without inviting me, sure this
You did not learn in *France*.

One of us two under the Board
For this Affront shall lie;
I know thee well, a Duke thou art,
So some Years hence may I.

And trust me, *Wharton*, Pity it were
So much good Wine to spill,
As these Companions all may drink,
Ere they have had their Fill.

Let thou and I, in Bumpers full,
This great Affair decide:
Accurst be he, Duke *Wharton* said,
By whom it is deny'd.

To *Andrews* and to *Horham* fair
Many a Pint went round,
And many a gallant Gentleman
Lay spewing on the Ground.

When at the last the Duke he spy'd
He had the Earl secure,
And ply'd him with a full Pint Glass,
Which laid him on the Floor.

Who never spoke more Words than these,
After he downward sunk :

of ENGLISH SONGS. 83

My worthy Friends, revenge my Fall,
Duke Wharton sees me drunk,

Then with a Groan Duke Philip help'd
The sick Man by the Joint,
And said, Earl Harold, 'Read of thee,
Would I had drank that Pint.

O Christ! my very Heart does bleed,
And does within me sink,
For surely a more sober Earl
Did never swallow Drink.

With that, the Sheriff, in a Rage
To see the Earl so smir,
Vow'd to revenge the dead-drunk Peer
Upon renown'd Sir Kir.

Then stepp'd a gallant 'Squire forth,
Of Visage thin and pale,
Lloyd was his Name, and of Gangball,
Fast by the River Swale,

Who said, he would not have it told
Where Eden River ran,
That unconcern'd he shou'd sit by,
So, Sheriff, I'm your Man.

Full lustily and long they swill'd,
Many a tedious Hour,

86 A COLLECTION

Till, like a Vessel over-fill'd,
It ran upon the Floor.

Then News was brought into the Room,
Where the Duke lay in Bed,
How that his 'Squire suddenly
Upon the Ground was laid.

Oh heavy News! Duke Philip said;
Cumberland Witness be,
I have not any Toper more
Of such Account as he.

Like Tidings to Earl *Harold* came,
Within as short a Space,
How that his doughty Sheriff too
Was tumbled from his Place.

Now God be with him, said the Earl,
Since 'twill no better be;
I trust I have, within my Town,
As drunken Knights as he.

Of all the Number that was there,
Sir *Baynes* he scorn'd to yield;
But, with a Bumper in his Hand,
He stagger'd o'er the Field.

Thus did the dire Engagement end,
And each Man of the Slain
Was quickly carry'd off to Bed,
His Senses to regain.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 87

God save the King, the Church and State,
And bless the Land with Peace;
And grant henceforth that Drunkenness
'Twixt Noblemen may cease.
And also bless our Royal Prince,
The Kingdom's other Hope;
And grant us Grace for to defy
The Devil and the Pope.

S O N G LXXII.

Y O U understand no tender Vows
Of fervent and eternal Love;
That Lover will his Labour lose,
Who does with Sighs and Tears propose
Your Heart to move:
For, if he talk of settling Land,
A House in Town, and Coach maintain'd,
You understand.

You understand no Charms in Wit,
In Shape, in Breeding, or in Air;
To any Fops you will submit,
The nauseous Clown, or sulsome Cit,
If rich they are:
Who Guineas can, may you command,
Put Gold, and then put in your Hand,
You understand.

SONG LXXIII.

TH O' you make no Return to my Passion,
 Still, still I presume to adore;
 'Tis in Love but an odd Reputation,
 When faintly repuls'd to give o'er:
 When you talk of your Duty,
 I gaze on your Beauty,
 Nor mind the dull Maxim at all;
 Let it reign in *Cheapside*,
 With a Citizen's Bride,
 It will ne'er be receiv'd at *Whitehall*.

What Apocryphal Tales are you told,
 By one that would make you believe,
 That, because of *to have and to hold*,
 You still must be pinn'd to his Sleeve:
 'Twere apparent High-Treason,
 'Gainst Love and good Reason,
 Shou'd one such a Treasure engross:
 He who knows not the Joys
 That attend such a Choice,
 Should resign to another who does.

SONG LXXIV.

FOR Shame, no Disputes o'er the Glass——
 then drink fair,
 At least till we're all of us mellow;
 Of Fortune and Fate let us ne'er stand in Fear,
 They're always kind to the Good-Fellow.

OF ENGLISH SONGS. 89

In Bumpers of Red then let's drown all our Cares,
In spite of Philosophers Rules;
Who, for all their grey Hairs, their Learning and
Years,
At best, were but dull-thinking Fools.

We must moisten our Clay, while our Sand runs
away,
Behind us too cast all Sorrow:
Take a Bumper of Claret, and drink it to day,
Perhaps we may have none to morrow.

SONG LXXV.

WHEN *Jemmy* first began to love,
He was the bonniest Swain
That ever Flock on Mountain drove,
Or danc'd upon the Plain:
Then 'twas that I, wae's me, poor Heart!
My Freedom threw away,
And, finding Sweet's in ev'ry Smart,
I could not say him nay.

And ever, when he spoke of Love,
He wou'd his Eyes decline;
His ev'ry Sigh all Hearts did move,
Gude Faith, and why not mine?
He'd press my Hand, and kiss it oft,
His Silence spoke his Flame;

And while he treated me thus soft,
I wish'd him more to blame.

Sometimes to feed my Flocks with him

My *Jemmy* won'd invite me,

Where he the gayest Songs wou'd sing,

To flatter and delight me:

When *Jemmy* thus his Charms display'd,

They were enough, I trow,

To conquer any princely Maid,

As they did me, I vow.

But now I must for *Jemmy* mourn,

Who to the Wars will go;

His Sheep-hook to a Sword must turn;

Alas! what shall I do?

His Bagpipe into warlike Sounds

Converted soon will be;

Instead of Garlands, fearful Wounds;

What then becomes of me?

SONG LXXVI.

WHether your sparkling Eyes I see,
Or Looks severe and coy,

Delia is still the same to me,

The Pain and Pleasure equal be,

And certain to destroy.

Cruel, ah! cruel Love, forbear,

At length my Peace restore;

Either my Foe or Friend appear,
Dissolve my Life, or end my Case,
For I can bear no more.

SONG LXXVII.

Custom, alas ! does partial prove,
Nor gives us even Measure ;
A Pain to Maids it is to love,
But 'tis to Men a Pleasure.

They freely can their Thoughts explain,
But ours must burn within ;
We have got Eyes and Tongues in vain,
And Truth from us is Sin.

Men to new Joys and Coquets fly,
And yet no Hazards run ;
Poor we are left, if we deny,
And if we yield, undone.

Then equal Laws let Custom find,
Nor thus the Sex oppress ;
More Freedom give to Womankind,
Or give to Mankind less.



SONG LXXVIII.

GIVE me the Eyes, give me the Charms,
 That govern'd are by Art,
 That can our Beaus subdue in Swarms,
 Tho' Beauty has no Part.

Since each affected Glance can move,
 Bright Nature we'll despise;
 What need of Merit or of Love
 To make a Fop your Prize?

We live in such a wretched Age,
 What can our Passions move?
 Cowards and Boys in Feuds engage,
 And aukward Fools make Love.

SONG LXXIX.

SOME sings *Molly Mogg* of the Rose,
 And call her the *Ockingham Pelle*,
 Whilst others does *Ferfes* compose
 On peautiful *Molly Lepelle*.

Pat of all the young Firgins so fair,
 Which *Prittain's* crete Monarchy owns,
 In Peauty there's none to compare
 With hur charming tear *Gwinifrid Shones*.

Unenviet the splentit Contition
Of Princes thar sit upon Tronets;
The highest of all hur Ampition
Is the Lose of fair *Gwinifrid Shones*.

Pold Mortals the Clobe will search ofer,
For Cold, and for Tiamont Stones,
Pat hur can more Treasures tiscofer
In peautiful *Gwinifrid Shones*.

From the piggest crete Mountain in *Prittain*
Hur wou'd senture the preaking hur Pones,
So that the soft Lap hur might sit on
Of peautiful *Gwinifrid Shones*.

Not the Nightingale's pitiful Note
Can expers how poor *Shenkin* bemoans
Hifs Fates, when in Places remote
Hur is apsent from *Gwinifrid Shones*.

Hur Lose ifs than Honey far sweeter;
And hur ifs no *Shenkin ap Drones*,
Put would lapour in Prose and in Metre
To praise hur tear *Gwinifrid Shones*.

As the Harp of *St. Tavit* surpasses
The Paggpipes, poor Tweetles and Croncs;
So *Lepelle*, *Molly Mogg*, and all Lasses
Are excell'd by hur *Gwinifrid Shones*.



SONG LXXX.

YE People of *Ireland*, both Country and City,
Come listen with Patience, and hear out my
Ditty ;

At this time I'll chuse to be wiser than witty,
Which no body can deny.

The Half-pence are coining, the Nation's undoing,
There's an end of your ploughing, and baking, and
brewing ;

In short you must all go to Rack and to Ruin,
Which, &c.

Both high Men, and low Men, and thick Men, and
tall Men,

And rich Men, and poor Men, and free Men, and
thrall Men,

Will suffer, and this Man, and that Man, and all
Men,

Which, &c.

The Soldier is ruin'd, poor Man, by his Pay,
His Five-pence will prove but a Farthing a Day,
For Meat or for Drink, or he must run away,

Which, &c.

When he pulls out his Two-pence, the Tapster lays
not,

That ten times as much he must pay for his Shot,
And thus the poor Soldier he must go to Pot,

Which, &c.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 95

If he goes to the Baker, the Baker will huff,
And Twenty-pence have for a Two-penny Loaf,
Then Dog, Rogue and Rascal, and so kick and cuff,
Which, &c.

Again to the Market whenever he goes,
The Butcher and Soldier must be mortal Foes,
One cuts off an Ear, and the other a Nose,
Which, &c.

The Butcher is stout, and he values no Swagger,
A Cleaver's a Match any time for a Dagger,
And a blue Sleeve may give such a Cuff as may stag-
ger,
Which, &c.

The Beggars themselves will be broke in a trice,
When thus their poor Farthings are sunk in their
Price;
When nothing is left, they must live on their Lice,
Which, &c.

The 'Squire who's got him twelve thousand a Year,
O Lord, what a Mountain his Rents wou'd appear!
Shou'd he take 'em, he wou'd not have House-room
I fear,
Which, &c.

Tho' at present he live in a very large House,
There wou'd not be Room in it left for a Mouse;
But the 'Squire's too wise, he wo'n't take a Souse,
Which, &c.

The Farmer who comes with his Rent in this Case
 For taking these Counters, and being so rash,
 Will be kick'd out of Doors, both himself and his
 Trash,

Which, &c.

For in all the Leases that ever we hold,
 We must pay our Rent in good Silver and Gold,
 And not in brass Tokens of such a base Mould,

Which, &c.

The wisest of Lawyers all swear they will warrant
 No Money but Silver and Gold can be current,
 And since they will swear it, we all may be sure on

Which, &c.

And I think, after all, it won'd be very strange
 To give current Money for base, in Exchange,
 Like a fine Lady swapping her Moles for the
 Mange,

Which, &c.

But read the King's Patent, and there you will find,
 That no Man take 'em, but who has a mind,
 For which we must say his Majesty's kind,

Which, &c.

Now God bless the Draper who open'd our Eyes,
 I am sure by his Book that the Writer is wise;
 He shews us the Cheat, from the End to the Rise,

Which, &c.

Nay farther he shews it a very hard Case
That this Fellow, *Wood*, of a very bad Race,
Should of all the fine Gentry of *Ireland* take place,
Which, &c.

That he and his Half-pence should come to weigh
down
Our Subjects so loyal and true to the Crown;
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own,
Which, &c.

This Book, I do tell you, is writ for your Goods,
And a very good Book against Mr. *Wood's*;
If you stand true together he's left in the Suds,
Which, &c.

Ye Shopmen, and Tradesmen, and Farmers go read
it,
For I think, in my Soul, at this time you need it;
Or, I gad, if you don't, there's an end of your
Credit,
Which, &c.

SONG LXXXI.

CORYDON beneath a Willow,
By a murm'ring Current laid,
His Arm reclin'd, the Lover's Pillow,
Thus address'd the charming Maid.

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O! my *Sacharissa*, tell,
How cou'd Nature take Delight,
That a Heart so hard shou'd dwell
In a Frame so soft and white?

Could you feel but half the Anguish,
Half the Tortures that I bear,
How for you I daily languish,
You'd be kind as you are fair.

See the Fire that in me reigns,
O behold a burning Man;
Think I feel my dying Pains,
And be cruel if you can.

With her Conquest pleas'd, the Dame
Cry'd, with an insulting Look,
Yes, I fain wou'd quench your Flame;
She spoke, and pointed to the Brook.

SONG LXXXII.

SILVIA says she loves not Kissing,
'Tis a thing she does despise,
But they'll say it is a Blessing,
If you ask her roving Eyes.

Gamesters cunningly conceal
Their Play, at first, to win more from you;
Women won't their Hearts reveal,
Insensibly to gain upon you.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 99

In vain, like *Barthians*, they'd pretend,
Flying, to wound the am'rous Lover,
Would doating Boys but comprehend
The Precepts which I now discover.

Breasts heaving, glancing Eyes, hot Palm,
She says she hates you, don't believe her,
But tell her frankly, you've a Charm
To cure her of her raging Fever.

Dally no more, attack the Fort,
Possess the darling Spring of Pleasure,
And when you're weary'd with the Sport,
Then stretch your wanton Limbs at Leisure.

S O N G LXXXIII.

FOrbear, fond God, forbear your Dart,
Seek not to wound a dying Heart;
At *Chloe's* Feet it gasping lies,
A bleeding Victim to her conqu'ring Eyes.

From her Death's such a pleasing Pain,
I'd only live to die again;
With Joy to him the Blow is given,
That has so nigh a Prospect of his Heav'n.

You and the little Loves all fly
To light your Torches at her Eye;

By her alone your Empires thrive,
This Vestal keeps Love's sacred Fire alive.

Then, *Chloe*, 'tis not strange that you
Weak Mortals yielding Hearts subdue,
Since you another *Venus* prove,
And give new Being to the God of Love.

SONG LXXXIV.

FIE, *Amarillis*! cease to grieve,
For him thou never can'st retrieve:
Wilt thou sigh for one that flies thee?
Scorn the Wretch that Love denies thee:
Call Pride to thy Aid,
And be not afraid
Of meeting a Swain that is kind;
As handsome as he
Perhaps he may be,
At least of more generous Mind.

Oh *Cupid*! make him feel her Pain,
Oh! let him sigh and wish in vain;
Let him pursue the haughty Fair,
And still meet nothing but Despair:
And may he ne'er find
A Nymph that is kind,
Nor let his Passion meet return;
May he always believe,
She always deceive,
May he still in fruitless Fires burn.

SONG LXXXV.

GEntly stir and blow the Fire,
Lay the Mutton down to roast,
Get me, quick, 'tis my Desire,
In the Dripping-pan a Toast,
That my Hunger may remove,
Mutton is the Meat I love.

On the Dresher, see, it lies,
Oh the Charming white and red!
Finer Meat ne'er met your Eyes,
On the sweetest Grass it fed;
Swiftly make the Jack go round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the Table spread the Cloath,
Let the Knives be sharp and clean,
Pickles get of ev'ry Sort,
And a Sallad, crisp and green,
With good Small-beer and sparkling Wine,
Oh ye Gods! how I shall dine!

SONG LXXXVI.

Fickle Bliss, fantastick Treasure,
Love, how soon thy Joys are past!
Since we soon must lose the Pleasure,
Oh! 'twere better ne'er to taste:

Gods, how sweet would be possessing!
 Did not Time its Charms destroy,
 Or could Lovers, with the Blessing,
 Love the Thoughts of Cupid's Joy.

Cruel Thoughts, that pain, yet please us;
 Ah! no more my Rest destroy;
 Shew me still, if you wou'd ease me,
 Love's Deceits, but not its Joy.
 Gods, what kind, yet cruel Powers
 Force my Will to rack my Mind!
 Ah! too long we wait for Flowers,
 Too too soon to fade design'd.

SONG LXXXVII.

NO longer boast your healing Tides
 Or the *Chalybear's* Stain;
 When *Chloris* at these Springs presides,
 They spend their Force in vain.

While for those Ills Relief is found
 Which we with Ease endure,
 The heedless Patient feels the Wound
 No Mineral can cure.

So from the Heat the thirsty Swain
 To the fresh Fountain flies,
 There soon allays his former Pain,
 But of a Fever dies.

SONG LXXXVIII.

BLYTHE *Willy* is the Lad I love,
My Saul's Delight and Pleasure;
As he alane my Heart can move,
He is my dearest Treasure.

Yet wae's me! tho' he daily cries
He loves me more than all,
He leaves me, and to Arms he flies,
As soon as Trumpets call.

Ah me! whilst ev'ry common Lass
Enjoys the Lad doth move her,
Must *Molly* still her Summer pass
In Tears without her Lover?

Dear *Willy*, thus in martial Strife
Oh! do not Fate defy;
Preserve me for thy precious Life,
Or with Despair I'll die.

SONG LXXXIX.

SINCE Love has kindled in our Eyes
A chaste and holy Fire,
It were a Sin if thou or I
Should let its Flame expire.

What tho' our Bodies never meet,
Love's Fuel's more divine:

104 A COLLECTION

The fixt Stars by their Twinklins greet,
And yet they never join.

False Meteors, that still change their Place,
Tho' they seem fair and bright,
Yet, when they covet to embrace,
Fall down, and lose their Light.

If thou perceive thy Flame decay,
Come light thy Eyes at mine;
And, when I feel mine fade away,
I'll take fresh Fires from thine.

Thus, when we shall preserve from Waste
The Flames of our Desires,
No Vestals shall preserve more chaste,
Or more immortal Fires.

S O N G X C.

WHEN *Sylvia* in Bathing her Charms did
expose,
The pretty *Bocquet* dancing under her Nose,
My Heart is just ready to part from my Soul,
And leap from the Gallery into the Bowl.
Each Day I provide too
A Bribe for her Guide too,
And give her a Crown,
To bring me the Water where she has sat down.
Let sober Physicians think Pumping a Cure;
That Remedy's doubtful, but *Sylvia* is sure.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 105

The Fiddlers I hire to play something sublime,
And all the while throbbing, my Heart beats the
Time;

He enters, they flourish, and cease when she goes,
Thus whom 'tis address'd to strait ev'ry one
knows.

Would I were a Vermin
Call'd one of her Chairmen,
Or serv'd as her Guide!

Tho' I shew'd, as they do, a damn'd tawny Hide:
Orelse like a Pebble at Bottom could lie,
To ogle her Beauties, how happy were I!

S O N G XCI.

THE Lark now leaves his wat'ry Nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy Wings;
He takes this Window for the East,
And, to implore your Sight, he sings.

Awake, awake, the Morn will never rise,
'Till she can dress her Beauties at your Eyes.

Awake, awake, break thro' your Veil of Lawn;
Then draw your Curtain, and begin the Dawn.

Charming is your Face and Eyes,
Ev'ry Look gives fresh Surprize.

'Tis always Night, when you're away,
But when you're present, always Day.

SONG XCII.

A H! sacred Boy, desist, for I
 Comply with your resistless Art;
 Your Arrows with such Vigour fly,
 Already they've inflam'd my Heart.

I will no more despise your Pow'r,
 But thus submissively obey;
 Yet, by your Favour, 'twas not your,
 But *Calia's*, Victory to day.

For had she veil'd that charming Face,
 And you your keenest Darts had shot,
 Your's had been the just Disgrace,
 And I'd obtain'd the Victor's Lot.

Then not your Pow'r, but Chance admire,
 In having such a Friend as she,
 Who lent you Rays t' increase my Fire,
 And thus made you a Deity.

SONG XCIII.

NYMPH.

I Njurious Charmer of my vanquish'd Heart,
 Can'st thou feel Love, and yet no Pity know?
 Since, of my self, from thee I cannot part,
 Invent some gentle Way to let me go:
 For what with Joy thou did'st obtain,
 And I with more did give,

Time will make thee false and vain,
And me unfit to live.

S H E P H E R D.

Fail Angel, that would'st leave a Heart forlorn,
With vain Pretence, Falshood therein might lie,
Seek not to cast wild Shadows o'er thy Scorn,
You cannot sooner change than I can die.
To tedious Life I'll never fall,
Thrown from thy dear lov'd Breast;
He merits not to live at all,
Who cares to live unblest.

C H O R U S.

Then let our flaming Hearts be join'd,
While in that sacred Fire,
Ere thou prove false, or I unkind,
Together both expire.

S O N G XCIV.

W H E R E would coy *Aminta* run
From a despairing Lover's Story?
When her Eyes have Conquests won,
Why shou'd her Ears refuse the Glory?
Shall a Slave whom Racks constrain,
Be forbidden to complain?
Let her scorn me, let her fly me,
Let her Looks her Life deny me;

108 A COLLECTION

Ne'er can my Heart change for Relief,
 Or my Tongue cease to tell my Grief.
 Much to love, and much to pray,
 Is to Heav'n the only Way.

SONG XCV.

NO, *Delia*, no, what Man can range
 From such seraphick Pleasure?
 'Tis want of Charms that makes us change,
 To grasp the Fairy Treasure:
 What Man of Sense wou'd quit a certain Bliss
 For Hopes, and empty Possibilities?
 Vain Fools their sure Possessions spend,
 In Hopes of chymick Treasure,
 But for their fancy'd Riches find
 Both Want of Gold and Pleasure:
 Rich in my *Delia*, I can wish no more;
 The Wand'rer, like the Chymist, must be poor.

SONG XCVI.

BEauty is not what I pray,
 I ask no shining Graces;
Calia has another Way,
 Without the Tricks of Faces:
 So our Humours still agree,
 Kind Heav'n, it is enough for me.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 109

Mere Fruition is a Joy,
But of a Moment's lasting,
Fruit, that doth so quickly cloy,
It surfeits but with tasting:
No true Bliss in Love we find,
Unless two Bodies share one Mind.

SONG XCVII.

Kindness hath resistless Charms,
All besides can weakly move;
Fiercest Anger it disarms,
And clips the Wings of flying Love.

Beauty does the Heart invade,
Kindness only can persuade;
It gilds the Lover's servile Chain,
And makes the Slave grow pleas'd and vain.

SONG XCVIII.

How wretched is the Slave to Love,
Who can no real Pleasures prove,
For still they're mix'd with Pain:
When not obtain'd, restless is the Desire;
Enjoyment puts out all the Fire,
And shews the Love was vain.

It wanders to another soon,
Wanes and increases, like the Moon,

110 A COLLECTION

And, like her, never rests,
Brings Tides of Pleasure now, and then of Tears,
Makes Ebbs and Floods of Joys and Cares,
In Lovers wav'ring Breasts.

But, spite of Love, I will be free,
And triumph in the Liberty

I without him enjoy :
I'th' worst of Prisons I'll my Body bind,
Rather than change my Free-born Mind
For such a foolish Toy.

SONG XCIX.

HOW silly's the Heart of a Woman,
When courted by many, to fly!
But when she is follow'd by no Man,
For one she will languish and die;
Beguiling,

And smiling;

Now coying,

Then toying,

She'll her Fancy pursue;

Designing,

Or whining,

She'll vex ye,

Perplex ye,

And all that pursue her undo.

of ENGLISH SONGS. III

SONG C.

SINCE we, poor slavish Women, know
Our Men we cannot pick and chuse,
To him we like why say we No,
And both our Time and Lover lose?
With feign'd Repulses and Delays
A Lover's Appetite we pall;
And if too long the Gallant stays,
His Stomach's gone for good and all.
Or our impatient, am'rous Guest,
Unknown to us, away may steal,
And, rather than stay for a Feast,
Take up with some coarse, ready Meal.
When Opportunity is kind,
Let prudent Women be so too;
And, if the Man be to your Mind,
'Till needs you must, ne'er let him go.
The Match soon made, is happy still,
For only Love has there to do;
Let no one marry 'gainst her Will,
But stand off when her Parents woo;
And only to their Suits be coy:
For she whom Jointure can obtain,
To let a Fop her Bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Wench for Gain.

SONG CI.

WHILE *Cupid* roguishly one Day
 Had all alone stole out to play,
 The Muses caught the little Knave,
 And captive Love to Beauty gave.
 The laughing Dame soon miss'd her Son,
 And here and there distracted run;
 And still, his Liberty to gain,
 Offer'd his Ransom, but in vain;
 The willing Pris'ner hugs his Chain,
 And vows he'll ne'er be free again.

SONG CII.

NO, no, no, no, Resistance is but vain,
 And only adds new Weight to *Cupid's*
 Chains:
 A thousand Ways, a thousand Arts
 The Tyrant knows to captivate our Hearts:
 Sometimes he Sighs employs, and sometimes tries
 The universal Language of the Eyes;
 The Fierce with Fierceness he destroys,
 The Weak with Tenderness decoys;
 He kills the Strong with Joy, the Weak with Pains
 No, no, no, no, Resistance is but vain.



SONG CHII.

SINCE you will needs my Heart possess,
 'Tis just to you I first confess
 The Faults to which 'tis given:
 It is to change much more inclin'd
 Than Woman, or the Sea, or Wind,
 Or aught that's under Heaven.

Nor will I hide from you this Truth,
 It has been, from its very Youth,
 A most egregious Ranger:
 And since from me 't has often fled,
 With whom it was both born and bred,
 'Twill scarce stay with a Stranger.

The Black, the Fair, the Gay, the Sad,
 (Which often made me fear 'twas mad)
 With one kind Look cou'd win it;
 So nat'rally it loves to range,
 That it has left Success for Change,
 And, what's worse, glories in it.

Oit, when I have been laid to Rest,
 'Twou'd make me act like one possess,
 For still 'twill keep a Pother;
 And tho' you only I esteem,
 Yet it will make me, in a Dream,
 Court and enjoy another.

And now, if you are not afraid,
 After these Truths that I have said,
 To take this arrant Rover,
 Be not displeas'd if I protest,
 I think the Heart within your Breast
 Will prove just such another.

SONG CIV.

THERE was three Lads in our Town,
 Slow Men of *London*!
 They courted a Widow was bonny and brown,
 And yet they left her undone.

They went to Work without their Tools;
 Slow Men of *London*!

The Widow she sent them away like Fools,
 Because they left her undone.

They often tasted this Widow's Chear,
 Slow Men of *London*!

But yet the Widow was never the near,
 For still they left her undone.

Blow, ye Winds, and come down, Rain;
 Slow Men of *London*!

They never shall wooe this Widow again,
 Because they left her undone.



SONG CV.

MY Cbloe, why d'ye slight me;
 Since all you ask you have?
 No more with Frowns affright me;
 Nor use me like a Slave.
 Good-Nature to discover,
 Use well your faithful Lover;
 I'll be no more a Rover,
 But constant to my Grave.

Could we but change Condition,
 My Griefs would all be flown;
 Poor I the kind Physician,
 And you the Patient grown.
 All own you're wond'rous pretty,
 Well-shap'd, and also witty;
 Enforc'd by gen'rous Pity,
 Then make my Case your own.

The Pow'rs who kindly gave us,
 And form'd our Shape and Mind,
 Too surely would enslave us,
 Were they like you inclin'd:
 Then Goodness be your Duty,
 Or I must bid adieu t'ye;
 Let them, with all your Beauty,
 Be merciful and kind.

The silver Swan, when dying,
 Has most melodious Lays;

Like him, when Life is flying,

In Songs I'll end my Days :

But know, thou cruel Creature,

My Soul shall mount the flecter,

And I shall sing the sweeter,

By warbling forth your Praise.

SONG CVI.

YE Gales, that gently wave the Sea,
And please the canny Boat—Man,

Bear me frae hence, or bring to me

My brave, my bonny Scot—Man :

In haly Bands

We join'd our Hands,

Yet may not this discover,

While Parents rate

A large Estate

Before a faithfu' Lover.

But I loor chuse in *Highland* Glens

To herd the Kid and Goat—Man,

Ere I could for sic little Ends

Refuse my bonny Scot—Man.

Wae worth the Man

That first began

The base, ungenerous Fashion,

Frae greedy Views

Love's Arts to use,

While Stranger to its Passion,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 117

Frae foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
Haste to thy longing Laffie,
Wha pants to press thy bonny Mouth,
And in her Bosom hawse thee.

Love gi'es the Word,
Then haste on Board,
Fair Winds and tenty Boat—Man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er,
Frae yonder Shore,
My blythe, my bonny Scot—Man.

SONG CVII.

HOW blest are Lovers in Disguise!

Like Gods they see,
As I do thee,

Unseen by human Eyes:

Expos'd to View,

I'm hid from you;

I'm alter'd, yet the same;

The Dark conceals me,

Love reveals me,

Love, which lights me by its Flame.

Were you not false, you me wou'd know;

For, tho' your Eyes

Cou'd not devise,

Your Heart had told you so:

Your Heart wou'd beat

With eager Heat,

And me by Sympathy wou'd find:

118 A COLLECTION

True Love might see
One chang'd like me;
False Love is only blind.

SONG CVIII.

THE Collier has a Daughter,
And oh! she's wond'rous bonny,
A Laird he was that sought her,
Baith rich in Land and Money.
The Tutors watch'd the Motion
Of this young honest Lover;
But Love is like the Ocean,
Wha can its Depth discover?

He had the Art to please ye,
And was by a' respected;
His Airs sat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected:
The Collier's bonny Lassie,
Fair as the new-blown Lily,
Ay sweet, and never saucy,
Secur'd the Heart of Wally.

He lov'd beyond Expression
The Charms that were about her,
And panted for Possession,
His Life was dull without her.
After mature Resolving,
Close to his Breast he held her,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 119

In fastest Flames dissolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her ;
My bonny Collier's Daughter,
Let nathing discompose ye,
'Tis no your scanty Tocher
Shall ever gar me lose ye:
For I have Gear in Plenty,
And Love says 'tis my Duty
To ware what Heav'n has lent me
Upon your Wit and Beauty.

S O N G C I X.

W H E N *Celadon* first from his Cottage did
stray,
To court his dear *Jugg*, on a Hillock of Hay,
What awkward Confusion oppress'd the poor Swain,
When thus he deliver'd his Passion in Pain :

O Joy of my Heart, and Delight of my Eyes!
Sweet *Jugg*, 'tis for thee faithful *Celadon* dies ;
My Pipe I've forsaken, tho' reckon'd so sweet,
And sleeping, and waking, thy Name I repeat.

When Swains to an Alehouse by Force do me lug,
Instead of a Pitcher, I call for a Jugg ;
And sure you can't chide at repeating your Name,
When the Nightingale every Night does the same.

Sweet *Jugg* he a hundred times o'er does repeat,
Which makes People say that his Voice is so sweet
Oh! why can you laugh at my sorrowful Tale?
Too well I'm assur'd that my Words won't pre-
vail:

For *Roger* the Thatcher possesses thy Breast,
As he at the last Harvest-Supper confess'd:
I own it, says *Jugg*, he has gotten my Heart,
His long curling Hair is so pretty and smart.

His Eyes are so black, and his Cheeks are so red,
They prevail more with me than all you have
said;

Tho' you court me, and kiss me, and do what
you can,

'Twill signify nothing, for *Roger's* the Man,

SONG CX.

A Cobler there was, and he liv'd in a Stall,
Which serv'd him for Parlour, for Kitchen
and Hall,

No Coin in his Pocket, nor Care in his Pate,
No Ambition had he, nor Duns at his Gate.

Derry down, down, down, derry down,

Contented he work'd, and he thought himself hap-
py,

If at Night he could purchase a Jug of brown
Nappy,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 121

He'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing too most
sweet,

Saying, just to a Hair I've made both Ends to meet.

Derry down, &c.

But Love, the Disturber of high and of low,

That shoots at the Peasant, as well as the Beau,

He shot the poor Cobler quite thro' the Heart;

I wish it had hit some more ignoble Part.

Derry Down, &c.

It was from a Cellar this Archer did play,

Where a buxom young Damsel continually lay;

Her Eyes shone so bright, when she rose ev'ry Day,

That she shot the poor Cobler quite over the way.

Derry down, &c.

He sung her Love-Songs, as he sat at his Work,

But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;

Whenever he spake, she would founce and would

flee,

Which put the poor Cobler quite into Despair.

Derry down, &c.

He took up his *Aul*, that he had in the World,

And to make away with himself was resolv'd,

He pierc'd thro' his Body, instead of the Sole,

So the Cobler he dy'd, and the Bell it did toll.

Derry down, &c.

M

And now, in Good-will, I advise, as a Friend,
 All Coblers take Notice of this Cöbler's End;
 Keep your Hearts out of Love, for we find, by what's
 past,
 That Love brings us all to an End at the Last.
Derry down, &c.

SONG CXI.

A NN thou wert my ain Thing,
 I wou'd love thee, I wou'd love thee,
 Ann thou wert my ain Thing,
 So dearly I would love thee;
 I wou'd clasp thee in my Arms,
 I'd secure thee from all Harms,
 Above all Mortals thou hast Charms,
 So dearly do I love thee.

Of Race divine thou needs must be,
 Since nothing earthly equals thee;
 For Heav'n's sake, oh! favour me,
 Who only lives to love thee.
 The Gods one thing peculiar have,
 To ruin none whom they can save;
 O! for their Sake support a Slave,
 Who only lives to love thee.

To Merit I no Claim can make,
 But that I love, and for thy sake
 What Man can name I'll undertake,
 So dearly do I love thee.

My Passion, constant as the Sun,
Flames stronger still, will ne'er have done,
'Till Fates my Thread of Life have spun,
With breathing out, I love thee.

Like Bees that suck the Morning Dew,
Frac Flow'rs of sweetest Scent and Hew,
Sae wad I dwell upo' thy Mou,
And gar the Gods envy me.

Sae lang's I had the Use of Light,
I'd on thy Beauties feast my Sight,
Syne in fast Whispers thro' the Night
I'd tell how much I loo'd thee.

How fair and ruddy is my Jane,
She moves a Goddess o'er the Green:
Were I a King, thou shou'd'st be Queen,
Nane but my fell aboon thee.

I'd grasp thee to this Breast of mine,
Whilst thou, like Ivy or the Vine,
Around my stronger Limbs shou'd'st twine,
Form'd hardy to defend thee.

Time's on the Wing, and will not stay,
In shining Youth let's make our Hay,
Since Love admits of nae Delay,
O let nae Scorn undo thee!

While Love does at his Altar stand,
Hae there's my Heart, gi'e me thy Hand,
And with ilk Smile thou shalt command
The Will of him wha loves thee.

SONG CXII.

AS, after Noon, one Summer's Day,
Venus stood bathing in a River,
Cupid a shooting went that way,
 New strung his Bow, new fill'd his Quiver.

With Skill he chose his sharpest Dart,
 With all his Might his Bow he drew;
 Swift to his beautiful Parent's Heart
 The too well-guided Arrow flew.

I faint, I die, the Goddess cry'd;
 O cruel! could'st thou find none other
 To wreck thy Spleen on? Parricide,
 Like *Nero*, thou hast slain thy Mother.

Poor *Cupid*, sobbing, scarce could speak,
 Indeed, *Mamma*, I did not know ye;
 Alas! how easy my Mistake!
 I took you for your Likeness, *Chlor*.

SONG CXIII.

AS *Amores* with *Phillis* sat,
 One Ev'ning on the Plain,
 And saw the charming *Strephon* wait
 To tell the Nymph his Pain,
 The threat'ning Danger to remove,
 She whisper'd in her Ear,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 125

Ah Phillis! if you would not love;
This Shepherd do not hear.

None ever had so strange an Art
His Passion to convey
Into a list'ning Virgin's Heart,
And steal her Soul away:
Fly, fly betimes, for fear you give
Occasion for your Fate.
In vain, said she, in vain I strive;
Alas! 'tis now too late.

SONG CXIV.

O H! I'll have a Husband, ay, marry,
For why should I longer tarry,
For why should I longer tarry
Than other brisk Girls have done?
For if I stay
'Till I grow grey,
They'll call me old Maid,
And fusty old Jade,
So I'll no longer tarry,
But I'll have a Husband, ay, marry,
If Money will buy me one.
My Mother she says I'm too coming,
And still in my Ears she is drumming,
And still in my Ears she is drumming,
That I such vain Thoughts shou'd shun:

My Sisters they cry,
 Oh fye! and oh fye!
 But yet I can see
 They're as coming as me;
 So let me have Husbands in plenty,
 I'd rather have twenty times twenty
 Than die an old Maid undone.

SONG CXV.

APOLLO, once finding fair *Daphne* alone,
 Discover'd his Flame in a passionate Tone;
 He told her, and bound it with many a Curse,
 He was ready to take her for better for worse;
 Then talk'd of the Smart,
 And the Hole in his Heart,
 So large, one might drive thro' the Passage a Cart:
 But the silly coy Maid, to the God's great Amaze-
 ment,
 Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt thro' the
 Casement.

He, following, cry'd out, my Life, and my Dear,
 Return to your Lover, and lay by your Fear;
 You think me, perhaps, some Scoundrel or Whore-
 son;
 Alas! I've no wicked Design on your Person:
 I'm a God by my Trade,
 Young, plump, and well made;
 Then let me caress thee, and be not afraid:

But still she kept running, and flew like the Wind,
While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

I'm the chief of Physicians, and none of the College
Must be mention'd with me for Experience and
Knowledge;

Each Herb, Flow'r, and Plant, by its Name I can
call,

And do more than the best seventh Son of them all:
With my Powder and Pills

I cure all the Ills

That sweep off such Numbers each Week in the Bills.

But still she kept running, and flew like the Wind,
While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

Besides, I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,

And top all the Writers of fam'd Covent-Garden:

I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Pattern of Wit,

I set my own Sonnets, and sing to my Kit;

I'm at Will's all the Day,

And each Night at the Play,

And Verses I make fast as Hops, as they say:

When she heard him talk thus, she redoubled her
Speed,

And flew like a Whore from a Constable freed.

Now had our wise Lover (but Lovers are blind)

In the Language of Lombard street told her his
Mind:

Look, Lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of Money,

Oldsbobs! I must swinge thee, my Joy and my Ho-
ney;

I sit next the Chair,
 And shall shortly be Mayor,
 Neither *Clayton* nor *Duncomb* with me can com-
 pare;
 Tho' as wrinkled as *Prim*, as deform'd as the Devil
 The God had succeeded, the Nymph had been civil

SONG CXVI.

YE beauteous Ladies of this Land,
 Who are so wond'rous charming fair,
 That Foreigners do understand
 You something more than Mortals are,
 I mean now to lay before ye
 All the Tale of a Soldier's Glory,
 Th' attacking, and hacking, and backing,
 And thwacking of *Monseur*,
 And make him prove a vain Bouncer;
 All this will a Soldier do for Love.

A beauteous Mistress is the Word
 That makes a Soldier draw his Sword;
 The worst of Dangers he will prove,
 To be endear'd with Nights of Love:
 What did we our Blades unsheath for,
 And so often venture Death for;
 In *Brabant*, at *Bruges*, at *Brussels*, at *Ghent*,
Ostend, *Ramilly*, at *Lisle*, at *Tournay*, at *Blenheim*,
 At *Doway*, *Bethune*, *St. Vincent*, and *Air*,
 And many more Towns I want Breath for?
 All this will a Soldier do for Love.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 129

The valiant Soldier only dies
When wounded by the fair one's Eyes:
In War he may his Safety boast,
But there's no Armour 'gainst a Toast,
When shot by some dear Deceiver,
Falling down into a Fever,
His Heart, like a Drum,
Beats come, come, come,
Come to my Arms,
I'm murder'd by your Charms;
All this will a Soldier do for Love.

But glorious Anne, compleating all
The Balance of this mighty Ball,
Has doubly honour'd a Soldier's Life,
By being a noble Soldier's Wife:
Fair Ladies, it can't be new t'ye,
That your Beauty spurs us to Duty;
Admiring, desiring, Love firing,
Inspiring the Brave too,
Makes us defy a Grave too:
For such a Reward hath a Soldier's Life.

SONG CXVII.

THE Springs a coming,
All Nature is blooming,
Each amorous Lover
Does Vigour recover,
The Birds are singing,
And Flowers are springing:

130 A COLLECTION

Here's Toys to be raffled for,
Who makes one ?

Bliss past Comparisons
At Mr. Harrison's,
Dices are ratt'ling,
Beaus are pratt'ling,
Ladies walking,
And wittily talking ;
Madam, the Medley is just begun.

S O N G CXVIII.

CAN then a Look create a Thought
Which Time can ne'er remove ?
Yes, foolish Heart, again thou'rt caught,
Again thou bleed'st for Love:

She sees the Conquest of her Eyes,
Nor heals the Wounds she gave ;
She smiles whene'er his Blushes rise ;
And, sighing, shuns her Slave.

Then, Swain, be bold, and still adore her,
Still her flying Charms pursue ;
Love and Friendship both implore her,
Pleading Night and Day for you.



SONG CXIX.

Harken, and I will tell you how
 A Young Muirland *Willie* came to woo,
 Tho' he could neither say nor do,
 The Truth I tell to you,
 He say, he cries, whate'er betide,
 My I'll ha'e to be my Bride,
 With a fa, la, &c.

His grey Yae as he did ride,
 With Durk and Pistol by his Side,
 He prick'd her on wi' mickle Pride,
 Wi' mickle Mirth and Glee:
 Out o'er yon Moss, out o'er yon Moor,
 Till he came to her Daddy's Door,
 With a fa, la, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
 To come your Daughter's Love to win,
 Care no for making mickle Din;
 What Answer gi' ye me?
 Now Wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
 To gie ye my Daughter's Love to win,
 With a fa, la, &c.

Now, Wooer, since ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye win, or in what Town?
 Think my Daughter winna gloom
 On sic a Lad as ye.

The Wooer he stept up to the House,
And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,

With a fa, la, &c.

I have three Owlens in a Plough,
Twa good ga'n Yads, and Gear enogh,
The Place they ca' it *Cadeneugh*;

I scorn to tell a Lie:

Besides, I had frae the great Laird,
A Peat-pat and a Lang-kail Yard,

With a fa, la, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the Town;
I wat on him she did na gloom,

But blinkit bonnilie.

The Lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the Waist,

With a fa, la, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and ha'e enough o' Gear,
And for my sell ye need na fear,
Troth, try me whan ye like.

He took aff his Bonnet, and spat in his Chew,
He dighted his Gab, and he pt'd her Mon,

With a fa, la, &c.

The Maiden blush'd, and bing'd fu' law,
She had nae Will to say him na,
But to her Dady she left it a',
As they twa cou'd agree.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 433

The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kifs,
Synce ran to her Daddy, and tell'd him this,

With a fa, la, &c.

Your Daughter wad na say me na,
But to your sell she has left it a',

As we cou'd agree between us twa,

Say, what'll ye gi'e me wi' her?

Now, Wooer, quoth he, I ha'e nae mickle,

But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,

With a fa, la, &c.

A Kiln fu' of Corn I'll gi'e to thee,

Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,

Ye's ha'e the Wadding Dinner free,

Troth, I dew do na mair. O

Content, quoth he, a Bargain be't,

I'm far frae hame, make haste, let's do't,

With a fa, la, &c.

The Bridal Day it came to pass,

Wi' mony a blythsome Lad and Lass,

But sicken a Day there never was,

Sic Mirth was never seen.

This winsom Couple straked Hands,

Mess John ty'd up the Marriage Bands,

With a fa, la, &c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,

Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots, a' in blue,

Frae Tap to Tae they were braw paw,
 And blinked bonnie,
 Their Toys and Mutchies were fae clean,
 They glanced in our Ladses Een,
 With a fal, lal, &c.

Sic Hirdum, Dirdum, and sic din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him,
 The Minstrels they did never blin,
 Wi' mickle Mirth and Glee,
 And ay they bobit, and ay they beck,
 And ay their Wames together mer,
 With a fa, lal, &c.

S O N G C X X

D I D ever Swain a Nymph adore,
 As I ungrateful Nanny do?
 Was ever Shepherd's Heart so sore?
 Or ever broken Heart so true?
 My Cheeks are swell'd with Tears, but she
 Has never wet a Cheek for me,
 If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay?
 Or linger, when she bid me run?
 She only had the Word to say,
 And all she wish'd was quickly done.
 I always think on her, but she
 Does ne'er bestow a Thought on me.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 135

To let her Cows my Clover taste,
Have I not rose by Break of Day?
Did ever Nanny's Heifers fast,
If Robin in his Barn had Hay?
Tho' to my Fields they welcome were,

I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a Sheep,

I cheerfully did give her two;
And I her Lambs did safely keep.

Within my Folds in Frost and Snow:

Have they not there from Cold been free?

But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the Well did come,

'Twas I that did her Pitchers fill;

Full as they were, I brought them home;

Her Corn I carry'd to the Mill;

My Back did bear the Sack, but she

Will never bear the Sight of me.

To Nanny's Poultry Oats I gave;

I'm sure they always had the best;

Within this Week her Pidgeons have

Eat up a Peck of Pease, at least.

Her little Pidgeons kiss; but she

Will never take a Kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,

And Nanny still on Robin frown?

Alas! poor Wretch, what shall I do
 If *Nanny* does not love me soon?
 If no Relief to me she'll bring,
 I'll hang me in her Apron-string.

SONG CXXI.

Gently touch the warbling Lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to Rest;
 Fill her Soul with fond Desire;
 Softest Notes will sooth her Breast;
 Pleasing Dreams assist in Love;
 Let them all propitious prove.

On the Mossy Bank she lies,
 (Nature's verdant Velvet Bed)
 Beauteous Flowers meet her Eyes,
 Forming Pillows for her Head;
 Zephyrs waft their Odours round,
 And indulging Whispers sound.

SONG CXXII.

O *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*
 They are twa bonny Lassies,
 They bigg'd a Bower on yon Burn-brae,
 And cheek'd it o'er wi' Rashes.
 Fair *Bessy Bell* I loo'd Yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er cou'd alter;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 137

Dear Mary Gray's twa pawky Een
They gar my Pancy falter.

Now *Bessy's* Hair's like a Lint-cap,

She smiles like a May Morning,
When *Phobus* starts frae *Thetis' Lap*,

The Hills with Rays adorning:

White is her Neck, fast is her Hand,

Her Waist and Feet's fu' georgy,

With ilka Grace she can command,

Her Lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's Locks are like a Crow,

Her Eyes like Diamonds glances,

She's ay sae clean redd up, and brow,

She kills whene'er she dances:

Blythe as a Kid, with Wit as Will,

She blooming, right and tall is,

And guides her Airs sae gracefu' still,

O Jove! she's like thy *Pallas*.

Dear *Bessy Bell* and *Mary Gray*,

Ye unco sair oppress us:

Our Fancies jee between you twa,

Ye are sic bonny Lasses:

Wae's me, for baith I canna get,

To ane by Law we're stented;

Then I'll draw Cuts, and take my Fate,

And be with ane contented.

N a

SONG CXXIII.

WHAT is Glory, Wealth, or Pleasure,
 After which Mankind aspire?
 Thou, my Life! art all the Treasure,
 Joy and Glory I desire.
 On thy snowy Bosom lying,
 Praising my auspicious Fate,
 Love a mutual Bliss supplying,
 I am happy, rich, and great.

SONG CXXIV.

He. **L**OVE's an idle, childish Passion,
 Only fit for Girls and Boys;
 Marriage is a cursed Fashion,
 Women are but foolish Toys.
 Spight of all the tempting Evils,
 Still thy Liberty maintain;
 Tell 'em, tell the pretty Devils,
 Man alone was made to reign.

She. Empty Boaster! know thy Duty,
 Thou who dar'st my Pow'r defy;
 Feel the Force of Love and Beauty,
 Tremble at my Feet and die.
 Wherefore does thy Colour leave thee?
 Why these Cares upon thy Brow?
 Did the Rebel, Pride, deceive thee?
 Ask him, who's the Monarch now!

SONG CXXV.

WILT thou ever, lovely Charmer,
Still persist to tyrannize?
Can a Flame approach to warm her
Who from Danger ever flies?

Circled in a Crowd of Lovers,
Freely all you entertain;
None a fav'rite Smile discovers,
Yet we're pleas'd to live in Pain.

Thus, by Art, your Sex exceeding,
You indulge each vain Pretence;
Fops encourage by good Breeding,
But approve the Man of Sense.

Long in Silence have I waited,
Trembling to disclose my Love,
Fearful to be one you hated,
Hopeless you'd my Flame approve.

But, believe me, charming Creature,
Heav'n design'd you kind as fair;
Be then (for 'tis in your Nature)
Kind, like him whose Form you wear.



SONG CXXVI.

P OOR fighting *Damon* courts in vain
 The blooming *Sylvia's* Love;
 To ev'ry Stream he tells his Pain,
 His Care to ev'ry Grove.

Whilst tender *Sylvia's* panting Breast
 For scornful *Acron* burns,
 Proud *Acron* slights her fond Request,
 And all her Favour scorns.

Let ev'ry Nymph that slights her Swain,
 Still meet with *Sylvia's* Fate;
 And, when she feels her Lover's Pain,
 Her own Example hate.

SONG CXXVII.

A Dieu, ye pleasant Sports and Plays,
 Farewel each Song that was diverting;
 Love tunes my Pipe to mournful Lays,
 I sing of *Dalia* and *Damon's* parting.
 Long had he lov'd, and long conceal'd
 The dear, tormenting, pleasing Passion,
 Till *Dalia's* Mildness had prevail'd
 On him to shew his Inclination.

Just as the fair one seem'd to give
 A patient Ear to his Love-Story,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 141

Damon must his *Dalia* leave,
To go in Quest of toilsome Glory.
Self-spoken Words hung on their Tongue,
Their Eyes refus'd their usual Meeting;
And Sighs supply'd their wonted Song,
These charming Sounds were chang'd to Weep-
ing.

Dear Idol of my Soul, adieu ;
Cease to lament, but ne'er to love me :
While *Damon* lives, he lives for you,
No other Charms shall ever move me.
Alas! who knows when parted far
From *Dalia*, but you may deceive her :
The Thought destroys my Heart with Care,
Adieu, my Dear, I fear, for ever.

SONG CXXVIII.

LOVE's a Dream of mighty Treasure,
Which in Fancy you possess :
In the Folly lies the Pleasure ;
Wisdom always makes it less.
When we think, by Passion heated,
We a Goddess have in Chase,
Like *Ixion* we are cheated,
And a gaudy Cloud embrace.

Happy only is the Lover,
Whom his Mistress well deceives ;

Seeking nothing to discover,
 He contented lives at Ease;
 But the Wretch that would be knowing,
 What the fair one would disguise,
 Labours for his own undoing;
 Changing happy to be wise.

SONG CXXIX.

WOULD Heav'n indulge my love-sick Mind,
 And make my Joys compleat,
 Let me my Myra's Favour find,
 And lay me at her Feet.
 If the dear Nymph but on me smile,
 Then Fate may do its worst;
 While she is kind, I fear no Ill,
 I ne'er can be accurst.

With her I cou'd for ever dwell,
 There's Heav'n within her Arms;
 But absent from her, I'm in Hell,
 Dire Grief my Soul alarms;
 I rave, I burn, I pine, I die,
 Nought can my Heart relieve;
 But at her Sight my Sorrows fly,
 Her Presence bids me live.



SONG CXXX 2

TH^O Beauty, like the Rose,
That shines on *Polwarth Green*,
In various Colours shows,
As 'tis by Fancy seen:
Yet all its different Glories lie
United in her Face,
And Virtue, like the Sun on high,
Gives Rays to ev'ry Grace.

So charming is her Air,
So smooth, so calm her Mind,
That to some Angel's Care
Each Moment seems assign'd:
But yet so careful, sprightly, gay,
The joyful Moments fly,
As if, for Wings, they stole the Ray
She darteth from her Eye.

Kind am'rous *Cupids*, while
With tuneful Voice she sings,
Perfume her Breath, and smile,
And wave their balmy Wings:
But as the tender Blushes rise,
Soft Innocence doth warm;
The Soul in blissful Extasies
Dissolveth in the Charm.

SONG CXXXI.

O The Broom, the bonny, bonny Broom,
The Broom of *Cowdenknows*;
I wish I were with my dear Swain,
Milking my Daddy's Ewes.

How blythe ilk Morn was I to see
The Swain come o'er the Hill?
He leap'd the Brook, and flew to me;
I met him with good Will.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed sae sweet,
The Birds sat listning by:
E'en the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody.

I neither wanted Ewe nor Lamb,
While his Flock near me lay:
He gather'd in my Sheep at Een,
And cheer'd me a' the Day.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
Cou'd I but thankful be?
He staw my Heart, cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?

While thus we spent our Time, by turns,
Berwixt our Flocks and Play,
I envy'd not the fairest Dame,
Tho' ne'er sae rich and gay.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 145

Hard Fate, that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest Swain
That ever yet was born.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
Farewel a' Pleasures there ;
Ye Gods, restore to me my Swain,
Is a' I crave or care.

SONG CXXXII.

YOUNG *Annie's* budding Graces claim
The inspir'd Thought, and softest Lays,
And kindle in the Breast a Flame
Which must be vented in her Praise.

Tell us, ye gentle Shepherds, have you seen
E'er one so like an Angel tread the Green ?

Ye Youth, be watchful of your Hearts;
When she appears, take the Alarm :
Love on her Beauty points his Darts,
And wings an Arrow from each Charm.
Around her Eyes and Smiles the Graces sport,
And to her snowy Neck and Breast resort.

But vain must every Caution prove,
When such enchanting Sweetness shines :
The wounded Swain must yield to Love,
And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.

146 A COLLECTION

Such Flames the foppish Butter-fly shou'd shun;
The Eagle's only fit to view the Sun.

She's as the opening Lily fair,
Her lovely Features are compleat;
Whilst Heav'n, indulgent, makes her share
With Angels all that's wife and sweet.
These Virtues, which divinely deck her Mind,
Exalt each Beauty of th' inferior Kind.

Whether she love the rural Scenes,
Or sparkle in the airy Town,
O happy he her Favour gains,
Unhappy, if she on him frown.
The Muse, unwilling, quits the lovely Theme,
Adieu, she sings, and thrice repeats her Name.

S O N G CXXXIII.

ON the Bank of a River so deep,
Whose Waters glide silently on,
Sad *Rosalind* sat down to weep,
For *Damon*, her Lover, was gone:
The fairest and faithfullest she
Of all that tripp'd over the Plains,
But, alas! the most fickle was he,
Among all the Shepherds and Swains.
Down each Cheek ran her Tears in a Stream;
All his Vows are forgotten! she cries,
Regarded no more than a Dream,
Tho' for him his fond Shepherdess dies:

He's gone, the false Creature is gone,
To deceive some fresh Nymph o' the Plain,
Whose Fate will, like mine, be to moan
The Loss of a perjured Swain.

Beware, you bright Maidens, beware,
If my treacherous Shepherd you meet,
For, alas! he's bewitchingly fair;
When he speaks, there's no Music so sweet:
As the Spring he is blooming and gay,
As the Summer delightful and kind;
But believe not one Word he can say,
For he's false as the wavering Wind.

Foolish Maid, whilst I thought he was true,
I sent up no Look to the Skies;
All the Sunshine or Gloom that I knew
Was the Gloom or the Shine of his Eyes.
He alone was my Joy and my Care,
I wish'd for no Heaven above;
No Sorrow, no Pain could I fear,
No Hell, but the Loss of his Love.

How fondly endearing was he,
'Till I granted what'er he desir'd;
But, you Virgins, take Warning by me,
For his Flame from that Moment expir'd.
Now I ne'er shall embrace him again,
He, ungrateful, is flown from my Arms;
Far away o'er the flowery Plain,
And despises these sullied Charms.

Sure the Gods have some Vengeance in Store;
 For the Breach of those Vows which he made,
 Tho' by him they're remember'd no more
 Than the Wretch who by them was betray'd.
 But forgive him, ye Powers above,
 Tho' he's false, bring no Harm on his Head;
 But crown him with Beauty and Love,
 Long after poor *Rosalind's* dead.

Thus she mourn'd; what a Scene all around!
 The Birds flag their Wings at her Sighs,
 The Valleys her Sorrows resound,
 And the Stream shews her blubbered Eyes:
 All Nature takes Part in her Woe,
 A black Cloud o'er the Heaven is spread,
 The Winds have forgotten to blow,
 And the Willows bend over her Head.

SONG CXXXIV.

ALL in the Land of Cyder,
 At a Place call'd *Brampton-Bryon*,
 Such a Prank was play'd,
 'Twixt a Man and a Maid,
 That all the Saints cry'd fie on.

For gentle *John* and *Susan*
 Were oft at Recreation:
 To tell the Truth,
 This vig'rous Youth
 Caus'd a dreadful Conflagration.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 149

Both Morning, Noon, and Night, Sir,
Brisk John was at her Crupper;
He got in her Gears
Five times before Prayer,
And six times after Supper.

John, being well provided,
So closely did solace her,
That Susan's Waist
So slackly lac'd,
Shew'd Signs of Bawd of Grace, Sir.

But when the Knight perceived
That Susan had been sinning,
And that this Lass,
For want of Grace,
Lov'd Kissing more than Spinning;

To cleanse the House from Scandal,
And filthy Fornication;
Of all such Crimes
To shew the Times
His utter Detestation;

He took both Bed and Bolster,
Nay, Blankets, Sheets, and Pillows,
With Johnny's Frock,
And Susan's Smock,
And burnt 'em in the Kila-house;

150 A COLLECTION

And ev'ry vile Utensil,
On which they had been wicked,
As Chairs, Joint-stools,
Old Trunks, Close-stools,
And eke the three-legg'd Cacket,

But had each thing defiled
Been burnt at *Brampton-Bryon*,
We all must grant,
The Knight wou'd want
Himself a Bed to lie on.

SONG CXXXV.

PAIN'D with her slighting *Jamie's* Love,
Bell dropt a Tear,
The Gods descended from above,
Well pleas'd to hear,
They heard the Praises of the Youth
From her own Tongue,
Who now converted was to Truth,
And thus she sung:

Blest Days! when our ingenuous Sex,
More frank and kind,
Did not their lov'd Adorers vex,
But spoke their Mind.
Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
Wou'd be return,
She ne'er again wou'd give him Care,
Or cause him mourn.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 351

Why lov'd I the deserving Swain,
Yet still thought Shame,
When he my yielding Heart did gain,
To own my Flame?
Why took I Pleasure to torment,
And seem too coy?
Which makes me now, alas! lament
My slighted Joy.

Ye Fair, while Beauty's in its Spring,
Own your Desire,
While Love's young Power, with his soft Wing,
Fans up the Fire:
O do not, with a silly Pride,
Or low Design,
Refuse to be a happy Bride,
But answer plain.

Thus the fair Mourner wail'd her Crime,
With flowing Eyes;
Glad Jamie heard her all the Time,
With sweet Surprise:
Some God had led him to the Grove,
His Mind unchang'd,
Flew to her Arms, and cry'd, my Love,
I am reveng'd.



SONG CXXXVI.

AS *Damon* late with *Chloe* sat,
 They talk'd of am'rous *Blisses*;
 Kind Things he said, which she repaid
 In pleasing *Smiles* and *Kisses*:
 With tuneful *Tongue*, of *Love* he sung;
 She thank'd him for his *Ditty*,
 But said, one *Day* she heard him say,
 The *Flute* was mighty pretty.
 Young *Damon*, who her *Meaning* knew,
 Took out his *Pipe* to charm her,
 And while he strove with wanton *Love*
 And sprightly *Airs* to warm her,
 She begg'd the *Swain* to play one *Strain*,
 In all the softest *Measure*,
 Whose killing *Sound* would sweetly wound,
 And make her die with *Pleasure*.
 Eager to do't, he takes the *Flute*,
 And ev'ry *Accent* traces,
 Love trickling thro' his *Fingers* flew,
 And whisper'd melting *Graces*:
 He did his *Part* with wond'rous *Art*,
 Expecting *Praises* after;
 But she, instead of falling dead,
 Burst out into a *Laughter*.
 Taking the *Hint*, as *Chloe* meant,
 Said he, My *Dear*, be easy;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 153

Have a Flute, Which, tho' 'tis mute,
May play a Tune to please ye;
Then down he laid the charming Maid,
He found her kind and willing;
He play'd again, and tho' each Strain
Was silent, yet 'twas killing.

Fair *Chloe* soon approv'd the Tune,
And vow'd he play'd divinely;
Let's have it o'er, said she, once more,
It goes exceeding finely:
The Flute is good that's made of Wood,
And is, I own, the neatest;
Yet, ne'ertheless, I must confess,
The silent Flute's the sweetest.

SONG CXXXVII.

GO, Virgin Kid, with lambent Kisse
G Salute a Virgin's Hand;
A senseless Thing, and reap a Blisse.
Thou dost not understand:
So, for in thee, methinks, I find
(Tho' 'tis not half so bright)
An Emblem of her beauteous Mind,
By Nature clad in White.

Securely thou may'st touch the Fair,
Whom few securely can;
May't press her Breast, her Lip, her Hair,
Or wanton with her Fan;

154 A COLLECTION

May'st Coach it with her to and fro,
From Masquerade to Plays;
Ah! could'st thou hither come and go,
To tell me what she says!

Go then, and when the Morning Cold
Shall nip her Lily Arm,
Do thou (Oh, might I be so bold!)
With Kisses make it warm.
But when thy glossy Beauty's o'er,
When all thy Charms are gone,
Return to me, I'll love thee more
Than e'er I yet have done.

SONG CXXXVIII.

ONCE I lov'd a charming Creature,
But the Flame with which I burn
Is not for each tender Feature,
Nor for her Wit nor sprightly Turn,
But for her *Down, down, derry down,*
But for her *Down, down, derry down.*
On the Grass I saw her lying,
Strait I seiz'd her tender Waist,
On her Back she lay complying,
With her lovely Body plac'd
Under my *Down, &c.*
But the Nymph being young and tender,
Cou'd not bear the dreadful Smart,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 175

Still unwilling to surrender,
Call'd Mamma to take the Part
Of her *Down*, &c.

Out of Breath, Mamma came running,
To prevent poor *Nancy's* Fate;
But the Girl, now grown more cunning,
Cry'd, *Mamma, you're come too late,*
For I am *Down*, &c.

SONG CXXXIX.

Gentle Air, thou Breath of Lovers,
G Vapour from a secret Fire,
Which by thee itself discovers,
Ere yet daring to aspire.

Softest Note of whisper'd Anguish,
Harmony's refined Part,
Sinking, while thou seem'st to languish,
Full upon the Listener's Heart.

Softest Messenger of Passion,
Stealing thro' a Croud of Spies,
Who constrain the outward Fashion,
Close the Lips, and guard the Eyes.

Shapeless Sigh, we ne'er can show thee,
Form'd but to assault the Ear;
Yet, ere to their Cost they know thee,
Ev'ry Nymph may read thee—here.

SONG CXL.

THE Lawland Maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're four and unco saucy,
 Sac proud they never can be kind,
 Like my good-humour'd Highland Lassie.
O my bony, bony Highland Lassie,
My lovely, smiling Highland Lassie,
May never Care make thee less fair,
But Bloom of Youth still blefs my Lassie.

Than ony Lads on Borrowstown,
 Who make their Cheeks with Patches metie,
 I'd tak my *Katie*, but a Gown,
 Bare-footed, in her little *Cotie*.
O my bony, &c.

Beneath the Brier or Brecken Bush,
 Whene'er I kiss and court my Dantie,
 Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,
 My fighteren Heart gangs pittie pattie.
O my bony, &c.

O'er highest heathery Hills I'll stenn,
 With cockit Gun, and Ratches tenty,
 To drive the Deer our of their Den,
 To feast my Lads on Dishes dainty.
O my bony, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by Deed or Word,
 'Gainst her to wag a Tongue or Finger,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 157

While I can wield my trusty Sword,
Or frae my Side whilk out a Whinger-
O my bony, &c.

The Mountains clad with purple Bloom,
And Berries ripe invite my Treasure,
To range with me; let great Folk gloom,
While Wealth and Pride confound their Plea-
sure.

O my bony, bony Highland Lassie,
My lovely, smiling Highland Lassie,
May never Care make thee less fair,
But Bloom of Youth still bless my Lassie.

SONG CXLI.

HAppy Insect, what can be
In Happiness compar'd to thee?

Fed with Nourishment divine,
The dewy Morning's gentle Wind:

Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant Cup does fill;

'Tis fill'd where-ever thou dost tread:
For Nature's self's thy Ganyede.

Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest King;

All the Fields which thou dost see,
All the Plants belong to thee:

P

38 A COLLECTION

All that Summer Hours produce
Fertile made with early Juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and Landlord thou.

Thou innocently dost enjoy,
Nor does thy Luxury destroy;
With Joy the Shepherd heareth thee
Far more harmonious sing than he.

Thee Country Hinds with Gladness hear,
The Prophet of the ripen'd Year;
Thee *Phœbus* loves, and does inspire;
Bright *Phœbus* is himself thy Sire.

To thee, of all things upon Earth,
Life is no longer than thy Mirth:
Happy Insect, thrice happy! thou
Dost neither Age nor Winter know.

But when thou'st drank, and danc'd, and sung
Thy Fill, the flow'ry Leaves among,
Sated with thy Summer-Feast,
Thou retir'st to endless Rest.

S O N G CXLII.

BY smooth-winding Tay
A Swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, oh hey!
Maun I still live pining

of ENGLISH SONGS. 159

My fell thus away,
And dare na discover
To my bonny Hay
That I am her Lover?

Nae mair it will hide,
The Flame waxes stranger;
If she's not my Bride,
My Days are nae langer:
Then I'll take a Heart,
And try at a Venture,
May be, ere we part,
My Vows may content her.

She's fresh as the Spring,
And sweet as *Aurora*,
When Birds mount and sing,
Bidding Day a good-morrow.
The Sward of the Mead,
Enamell'd with Daisies,
Looks wither'd and dead,
When twin'd of her Graces.

But if she appear
Where Verdures invite her,
The Fountain runs clear,
And Flow'rs smell the sweeter:
'Tis Heav'n to be by
When her Wit is a flowing,

160 A COLLECTION

Her Smiles and bright Eye
Set my Spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze,
The deeper I'm wounded,

Struck dumb with Amaze,
My Mind is confounded,

I'm all in a Fire,

Dear Maid, to carefs ye,
For a' my Desire

Is Hay's bonny Laffie.

SONG CXLIII.

HOW happy's the Man, that like you, Sir,
His pretty dear Person admires !
Who, when with the Fair it won't do, Sir,
Content, to his Idol retires.

He turns to his Glas,
Where, in his sweet Face,
Such ravishing Beauties disclose,
His Heart on Fire,
Is sure his Desire
No Rival will ever oppose.

But when to a Nymph a Pretender,
Poor Mortal, he splits on a Shelf;
How little a Thing will defend her
From one that makes Love to himself !
While nice in Dress,
And sure of Success,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 161

He thinks she can never get free;
With smiling Eyes
She rallies and flies,
And laughs at his Merit, like me.

S O N G CXLIV.

FROM fifteen Years fair *Chlor* with'd,
She dreamt and sigh'd in vain;
And hardly knew her Virgin Thoughts
Were hankering after Man.

'Twas long before the harmless Maid
Guess'd whence her Passion grew,
But when she had her self survey'd,
The secret Cause she knew.

To *Jove* she thus her self address'd,
And humbly begg'd his Aid;
He kindly lent a list'ning Ear,
While thus the Prostrate said:

Grant me, great *Jove*, a Husband, rich,
Gay, vig'rous, kind and young,
A Churchman hot, a Tory true,
And to his Party strong.

No Grudge the God bore to the Maid,
He therefore thus did grant;

Be match'd, for Life, to an old Whigg
Of Merit and of Want,

Enrag'd, the Nymph to *Venus* fled,
Who eas'd the Devotee,
And yolk'd her to a jolly Swain,
From Want and Party free.

SONG CXLV.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know;
Random Chance, or wilful Fate,
Guides the Shaft from *Cupid's* Bow.

If on me *Zelinda* frown,
'Tis Madness all in me to grieve:
Since her Will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live?

If I for *Zelinda* die,
Deaf to poor *Mixella's* Cries;
Ask not me the Reason why:
Seek the Riddle in the Skies?

SONG CXLVI.

YOU pretty Birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady Valleys,
And see how sweetly *Phillis* walks,
Within her guarded Alleys:

of ENGLISH SONGS. 163

Go, pretty Birds, unto her Bower,
Sing, pretty Birds, she may not lower:
For fear my fairest Phillis frown,
You pretty Wantons, warble.

Go tell her thro' your chirping Bills,
As you by me are bidden,
To her is only known my Love,
Which from the World is hidden:

Go, pretty Birds, and tell her so,
See that your Notes fall not too low;
For fear my fairest Phillis frown,
You pretty Wantons, warble.

Go tune your Voices Harmony,
And sing I am her Lover;
Strain low and high, that every Note
With sweet Consent may move her:
Tell her it is her Lover true
That sendeth Love by you and you;
Alas me! methinks I see her frown,
You pretty Wantons, warble.

Fly, pretty Birds, and in your Bills
Bear me a loving Letter
Unto my fairest Phillis, and
With your sweet Musick greet her;
Go, pretty Birds, unto her bide,
Haste, pretty Birds, unto her fly:
Alas me! methinks I see her frown,
You pretty Wantons, warble.

And if you find her sadly set,
 About her sweetly chant it,
 Until she smiling raise her Head,
 Ne'er cease until she grant it :
 Go, pretty Birds, and tell her I,
 As you have done, will to her fly :
Ah me ! methinks I see her frown,
You pretty Wantons, warble.

SONG CXLVII.

TAKE Pity, *Sylvia*, charming Fair,
 No more my Fate suspend ;
 But solve my Doubts, and ease my Care,
 Or bid me hope, or else despair,
 And thus my Sufferings end.

A tedious Month I've been confin'd,
 (Which is an Age in Love :)
 Nor will you e'er disclose your Mind ;
 One while you're coy, and then you're kind,
 Sometimes you neither prove :
 Ah ! Cruel Charmer, let me know my Fate ;
 Whisper your Love, or thunder out your Hate.



SONG CXLVIII.

YE Commons, and Peers,

Pray lend me your Ears,

I'll sing you a Song, if I can,

How *Louis le Grand*

Was put to a stand

By the Arms of our gracious Queen *Anne*,

How his Army so great

Had a total Defeat,

Not far from the River of *Dender*,

Where his Grand-Children twain,

For fear of being slain,

Gallop'd off with the Popish Pretender,

To a Steeple on high,

The Battle to spy,

Up mounted these clever young Men,

And when from the Spire

They saw so much Fire,

They cleverly came down again.

Then a Horse-back they got,

All upon the same Spot,

Advice of their Cousin *Vendome*;

O Lord! cry'd out he,

Unto young *Burgundy*,

You'd your Brother and you were at Home.

Just so did he say,
 When, without more Delay,
 Away the young Gentry fled,
 Whose Heels for that Work
 Were much lighter than Cork,
 But their Hearts were more heavy than Lead.

Not so did behave
 The young *Hanover* Brave,
 In this bloody Field I assure you;
 When his War-Horse was shot,
 Yet he matter'd it not,
 But charg'd still on Foot, like a Fury.

While Death flew about,
 Aloud he call'd out,
 Hoh! You Chevalier of *St. George*,
 If you'll neither stand
 By Sea nor by Land,
 Pretender, that Title you forge.

Thus boldly he stood
 As became that high Blood
 Which runs in his Veins so blue;
 This gallant young Man
 Being Kin to Queen *Anne*,
 Fought as, were she a Man, she wou'd do.

What a Racket was here
 (I think 'twas last Year)
 For a little ill Fortune in *Spain*,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 167

When, by letting them win,
We have drawn the Puts in
To lose all they're worth, this Campaign.

Tho' *Bruges* and *Ghent*
To Monsieur we lent,
With Int'rest he soon shall repay 'em;
While *Paris* may sing
With her sorrowful King,
De Profundis, instead of *Te Deum*.

From their Dream of Success
They'll awaken, we guess,
At the Sound of great *Marlborough's* Drums
They may think, if they will,
Of *Almanza* still,
At 'tis *Blenheim* where-ever he comes.

O *Louis*! perplex,
What General's next?
Thou hast hitherto chang'd 'em in vain:
He has beat 'em all round,
If no new ones are found,
He shall beat the old over again.

We'll let *Tallard* out,
If he'll take t'other Bout;
And much he's improv'd, let me tell ye,
With *Nottingham Ale*
At ev'ry Meal,
And good Pudding and Beef in his Belly.

As Losers at Play
 Their Dice throw away,
 While the Winner he still wins on:
 Let who will command,
 Thou had'st better disband,
 For, old Bully, thy Doctors are gone.

SONG CXLIX.

FLY, fly, you happy Shepherds, fly,
 Avoid *Philira's* Charms;
 The Rigour of her Heart denies
 The Heaven that's in her Arms.
 Ne'er hope to gaze, and then retire,
 Nor yielding, to be blest:
 Nature, who form'd her Eyes of Fire,
 Of Ice compos'd her Breast.

Yet, lovely Maid, this once believe
 A Slave, whose Zeal you move;
 The Gods, alas! your Youth deceive,
 Their Heav'n consists in Love.
 In spite of all the Thanks you owe,
 You may reproach 'em this,
 That, where they did their Form bestow,
 They have deny'd their Bliss.



SONG CL.

OLD-MAN.

WHY so cold? and why so coy?
What I want in Youth and Fire,
I have in Love and in Desire:
To my Arms, my Love, my Joy;
Why so cold? and why so coy?

WOMAN.

'Tis Sympathy, perhaps, with you;
You are cold, and I'm so too.

OLD-MAN.

My Years alone have froze my Blood;
Youthful Heat in Female Charms,
Glowing in my aged Arms,
Wou'd melt it down once more into a Flood.

WOMAN.

Women, alas! like Flints, ne'er burn alone;
To make a Virgin know
There's Fire within the Stone,
Some manly Steel must boldly strike the Blow.

OLD-MAN.

Affist me only with your Charms,
You'll find I'm Man, and still am bold;
You'll find I still can strike, tho' old:
I only want your Aid to raise my Arms.

YOUTH.

Who talks of Charms? who talks of Aid?

I bring an Arm

That wants no Charm,

To rouse the Fire that's in a flinty Maid.

Retire, old Age,

—— Winter, be gone:

Behold! the Youthful Spring comes gaily on.

Here, here's a Torch to light a Virgin's Fire:

To my Arms, my Love, my Joy;

When Women have what they desire,

They're neither cold nor coy.

SONG CLI.

THIR SIS, a young and am'rous Swain,
Saw two, the Beauties of the Plain,

Who both his Heart subdue:

Gay *Calia's* Eyes were daz'ling fair,

Sabina's easy Shape and Air

With softer Musick drew.

He haunts the Stream, he haunts the Grove,

Lives in a fond Romance of Love,

And seems for each to die;

'Till each a little spiteful grown,

Sabina Calia's Shape ran down,

And she *Sabina's* Eye.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 171

Their Envy made the Shepherd find
Those Eyes which Love could only blind ;

So set the Lover free :

No more he haunts the Grove or Stream,

Or with a True-love Knot or Name

Engraves a wounded Tree.

Ah *Calia* ! (fly *Sabina* cry'd)

Tho' neither love, we're both deny'd ;

Let either fix the Dart.

Poor Girl (says *Calia*) say no more ;

That Spite which broke his Chains before,

Wou'd break the other's Heart.

S O N G C L I I.

P H I L L I S has each enchanting Art,

That can the Soul ensnare ;

First wins her Lover's easy Heart,

Then racks him with Despair.

With tempting Looks, and flatt'ring Smiles,

Too soon a Conquest gains ;

Makes him a Slave to all her Wiles,

Then leaves him in his Chains.

Imperious she does tyrannize,

And wounds each harmless Swain ;

First sooths his Hopes with matchless Joys;
Then gives eternal Pain.

Ye Youths, who han't already known
The Magick of her Eyes,
Be rul'd, and from th' Enchantress run,
Lest you become her Prize.

The Hook does lie beneath the Bait,
With smiles she'll draw you on;
But soon you'll find, when 'tis too late,
You're by her Frowns undone.

SONG CLIII.

He. **W**HERE wad bonny *Anne* lie?
Alane nae mair ye maun lie:
Wad ye a Goodman try,
Is that the Thing ye're lacking?

She. Can a Lafs sae young as I
Venture on the Bridal Tie,
Syne down with a Goodman lie?
I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

He. Never judge until ye try,
Mak me your Goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to lie,
And sleep 'till ye be weary.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 173

Sbr. What if I shou'd wauking lie,
When the Hautboys are gane by?
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My Dear, I'm faint and iry?

He. In my Bosom thou shall lie,
When thou waukrife art, or dry,
Healthy Cordial standing by,
Shall presently revive thee.

Sbr. To your Will I then comply,
Join us Priest, and let me try
How I'll wi' a Goodman lie
Wha can a Cordial give me.

S O N G CLIV.

I Smile at Love, and all its Arts,
The charming Cynthia cry'd,
Take heed, for Love has piercing Darts,
A wounded Swain reply'd.

Once free and blest as you are now,

I trifi'd with his Charms,
I pointed at his little Bow,
And sported with his Arms;

Till, urg'd too far, Revenge, he cries,
A fatal Shaft he drew,

It took its Passage thro' your Eyes,
And to my Heart it flew.

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To tear it thence I try'd in vain,
 To strive, I quickly found,
 Was only to increase the Pain,
 And to enlarge the Wound.
 Ah! much too well, I fear, you know
 What Pain I'm to endure,
 Since what your Eyes alone could do,
 Your Heart alone can cure.
 And that (grant, Heav'n, I may mistake)
 I doubt is doom'd to bear
 A Burthen for another's sake,
 Who ill rewards its Care.

SONG CLV.

NOT an Angel dwells above
 Half so fair as her I love;
 Heaven knows how she'll receive me:
 If he smiles, I'm blest indeed;
 If she frowns, I'm quickly freed;
 Heaven knows she ne'er can grieve me.
 None can love her more than I,
 Yet she ne'er shall make me die.
 If my Flame can never warm her,
 Lasting Beauty I'll adore,
 I shall never love her more,
 Cruelty will so deform her.

SONG CLVI.

WHAT a Porcher of late
Have they kept in the State
About setting our Consciences free?
A Bottle has more
Dispensations in store
Than the King and the State can decree.

When my Head's full of Wine,
I o'erflow with Design,
And know no Penal Laws that can curb me;
Whate'er I devise
Seems good in my Eyes,
And Religion ne'er dares to disturb me.

No saucy Remorse
Intrudes in my Course,
Nor impertinent Notions of Evil;
So there's Claret in store,
In Peace I've my Whore,
And in Peace I jog on to the Devil.

SONG CLVII.

TELL me, *Aurelia*, tell me, pray,
How long must *Damon* sue?
Prefix the Time, and I'll obey,
With Patience wait the happy Day
That makes me sure of you.

176 A COLLECTION

The Sails of Time my Sighs shall blow,
And make the Minutes glide;
My Tears shall make the Current flow,
And swell the hasting Tide.

The Wings of Love shall fly so fast,
My Hopes mount so sublime,
The Wings of Love shall make more haste
Than the swift Wings of Time.

S O N G CLVIII.

THE Minute's past appointed by my Fair,
The Minute's fled,
And leaves me dead
With Anguish and Despair.

My flatter'd Hopes their Flight did make
With the appointed Hour;
None can the Minutes past o'ertake,
And nought my Hopes restore.

Cease your Complaints, and make no Moan,
Thou sad repining Swain;
Altho' the fleeting Hour be gone,
The Place does still remain.

The Place remains, and she may make
Amends for all your Pain;
Her Presence can past Time o'ertake,
Her Love your Hopes regain.

SONG CLIX.

SINCE, *Calia*, 'tis not in our Pow'r
To tell how long our Lives may last,
Begin to love this very Hour,
You've lost too much in what is past.

For since the Pow'r we all obey
Has in your Breast my Heart confin'd,
Let me my Body to it lay;
In vain you part what Nature join'd.

SONG CLX.

THE brightest Goddess of the Sky,
How did she panting, sighing lie,
And, languishing, desire to die!
For the triumphant God of War
Amidst his Trophies did appear,
As charming rough as she was fair.
Their Loves were blest, they had a Son,
The little *Cupid*, who has shewn
More Conquests than his Sire e'er won;
He grew the mightiest God above,
By which we him a Rebel prove
To Heav'n, that dares be so to Love.
How soft the Delights, and how charming the Joy,
Where Love and Enjoyment each other support!

Let the Cynical Fool call Pleasure a Toy,
 Who ne'er Fame i' th' Camp had, nor Love in
 the Court:

O so kindly the Combats each other succeed,
 Where 'tis Triumph to die, and a Pleasure to
 bleed!

SONG CLXI.

PRinces that rule, and Empire sway,
 How transitory is their State!
 Sorrows the Glories do allay,
 And richest Crowns have greatest Weight.

The mighty Monarch Treason fears,
 Ambitious Thoughts within him rave;
 His Life all Discontent and Cares,
 And he at best is but a Slave.

Vainly we think with fond Delight
 To ease the Burden of our Cares;
 Each Grief a second does invite,
 And Sorrows are each others Heirs.

For me, my Honour I'll maintain,
 Be gallant, generous, and brave;
 And when I Quierude would gain,
 At least, I find it in the Grave.



S O N G CLXII.

Welcome Mortal to this Place,
Where smiling Fate did send thee;
Search the happy Minutes as they pass;
Who knows how few attend thee?

Floods of Joy about thee roul,
And flow in endless Measure:
Dip thy Wishes deep, and fill thy Soul
With Draughts of ev'ry Pleasure.

Feast thy Heart with Love's Desire,
Thy Eyes with Beauty's Charms:
With Imaginations fan the Fire,
Then stifle it in thy Arms.

For, since Life's a slippery Guest,
Whose Flight can't be prevented,
Treat it, whilst it stays here, with the best,
And then 'twill go contented.

Come you that attend on our Goddess's Will,
And sprinkle the Ground .
With Perfumes around;
Shew him your Duty, and shew us your Skill.

Circle him with Charms,
And raise in his Heart
Such Alarms:
As Cupid ne'er wrought
By the Pow'r of his Dart.

Fill all his Veins with a tender Desire,
And then shew a Beauty to set 'em a-fire,
'Till kind panting Breasts to his Wound the apply
Then on those white Pillows of Love let him die

SONG CLXIII.

PHOEBUS, now short'ning ev'ry Shade,
Up to the Northern Tropic came,
And thence beheld a lovely Maid
Attending on a Royal Dame.

The God laid down his feeble Rays,
Then lighted from his glitt'ring Coach,
But fenc'd his Head with his own Bays
Before he could the Nymph approach.

Under those sacred Leaves, secure
From common Light'ning of the Skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
The Flashes of *Ardelia's* Eyes.

The Nymph, who oft had read in Books
Of that bright God whom Bards invoke,
Soon knew *Apollo* by his Looks,
And guess'd his Bus'ness ere he spoke.

He, in the old celestial Cant,
Confess'd his Flame, and swore by *Stryx*,
Whate'er she would desire, to grant;
But wise *Ardelia* knew his Tricks,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 181

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of strolling Gods, whose usual Trade is,
Under Pretence of taking Air,
To pick up Sublunary Ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat Denial,
As having Malice in her Heart;
And was resolv'd upon a Tryal
To cheat the God in his own Art.

Hear my Request, the Virgin said,
Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend, whene'er I want their Aid,
Obey my Call, and only mine.

By Vow oblig'd, by Passion led,
The God could not refuse her Prayer:
He waw'd his Wreath thrice o'er her Head,
Thrice mutter'd something to the Air.

And now he thought to seize his Due,
But she the Charm already try'd;
Ibalia heard the Call, and flew
To wait at bright *Ardelia's* Side.

On Sight of this celestial Prude,
Apollo thought it vain to stay,
Nor in her Presence durst be rude,
But made his Leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky Hour,
 When on their Queen the Muses wait;
 But *Pallas* owns *Ardelia's* Pow'r,
 For Vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then full of Rage *Apollo* spoke,
 Deceitful Nymph, I see thy Art;
 And tho' I can't my Gift revoke,
 I'll disappoint its noble Part.

Let stubborn Pride possess thee long,
 And be thou negligent of Fame;
 With ev'ry Muse to grace thy Song,
 May'st thou despise a Poet's Name.

Of Modest Poets be thou first,
 To silent Shades repeat thy Verse,
 'Till Fame and Eccho almost burst,
 Yet hardly dare one Line rehearse.

And last, my Vengeance to complete,
 May you descend to take Renown,
 Prevail'd on by the Thing you hate,
 A Whig, and one that wears a Gown.

S O N G. CLXIV.

AS walking forth to view the Plain,
 Upon a Morning early,
 While May's sweet Scent did chear my Brain,
 From Flow'rs which grow so rarely;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 183

I chanc'd to meet a pretty Maid,
She shin'd, tho' it was foggy,
I ask'd her Name; Sweet Sir, she said,
My Name is *Kath'rine Ogie*.

I stood a-while, and did admire
To see a Nymph so stately;
So brisk an Air there did appear
In a Country Maid so neatly:
Such nat'ral Sweetness she display'd,
Like a Lily in a Bogie;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same *Kath'rine Ogie*.

Thou Flow'r of Females, Beauty's Queen,
Who sees thee sure must prize thee;
Tho' thou art drest in Robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee:
Thy handsome Air, and graceful Look,
Far excells any clownish Roguie;
Thou'rt Match for Laird, or Lord, or Duke,
My bony *Kath'rine Ogie*.

O were I but some Shepherd's Swain,
To feed my Flocks beside thee;
At Boughting-time to leave the Plain,
In milking to abide thee!
I'd think my self a happier Man,
With *Kate*, my Club, and Dogie,

Than he that hugs his Thousands Ten,
Had I but *Kath'rine Ogie*.

Then I'd despise th' Imperial Throne,
And Statesmen's dangerous Stations:
I'd be no King, I'd wear no Crown,
I'd smile at conqu'ring Nations;
Might I caress, and still possess
The Lads of whom I'm vogue,
For these are Toys, and still look less,
Compar'd with *Kath'rine Ogie*.

But I fear the Gods have not decreed
For me so fine a Creature,
Whose Beauties rare make her exceed
All other Works of Nature.
Clouds of Despair surround my Love,
That are both dark and fogie:
Pity my Case, ye Pow'rs above,
Else I die for *Kath'rine Ogie*.

SONG CLXV.

A WAY, away,
We've crown'd the Day;
The Hounds are waiting for their Prey:
The Huntsman's Call
Invites you all;
Come in, Boys, while you may.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 185

The jolly Horn,
The rolie Morn,
With Harmony of deep-mouth'd Hounds,
These, these, my Boys,
Are heav'nly Joys,
A Sportsman's Pleasure knows no Bounds.

The Horn shall be
The Husband's Fee,
And let him rake it not in Scorn;
The brave, the Sage,
In ev'ry Age,
Have not disdain'd to wear the Horn.

S O N G CLXVI.

THE Wheel of Life is turning swiftly round,
And nothing in this World of Certainty is
found,

The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us
out;

Good lack! good lack! how things are wheel'd
about.

Some few aloft on Fortune's Wheel do go,
And as they mount up high, the others rumble
low.

In this we all agree, that Fate at first did will
That this great Wheel should never once stand
still.

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The Courtier turns, to gain his private Ends,
'Till he's so giddy grown, he quite forgets his
Friends :

Prosperity oft-times deceives the proud and vain,
And wheels so fast, it turns them out again.

Some turn to this, to that, and ev'ry way,
And cheat and scrape for what can't purchase one
poor Day :

But this is far below the gen'rous-hearted Man,
Who lives, and makes the most of Life he can.

And thus we're wheel'd about in Life's short
Farce,

'Till we at last are wheel'd off in a rumbling
Hearse :

The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us
out,

Good luck! Good luck! how things are wheel'd
about.

S O N G CLXVII.

HAppy's the Love which meets return,
When in soft Flames Souls equal burn;
But Words are wanting to discover
The Torments of a hopeless Lover:
Ye Registers of Heav'n, relate
(If looking o'er the Rolls of Fate)
Did you there see me mark'd to marrow.
Mary Scot, the Flower of Tarrow.

OF ENGLISH SONGS. 187

Ah no! her Form's too heav'nly fair,
Her Love the Gods above must share,
While Mortals with Despair explore her,
And at Distance due adore her:
O lovely Maid! my Doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a Smile:
Alas! if not, you'll soon debar-a
Sighing Swain the Banks of Tarrow.

Be hush't, ye Fears, I'll not despair:
My Mary's tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine Anguish,
She is too good to let me languish.
With Success crown'd, I'll not envy
The Folks who dwell above the Sky;
When Mary Scot becomes my Marrow,
We'll make a Paradise on Tarrow.

SONG CLXVIII

CÆLIA, hoard thy Charms no more,
Beauty's like the Miser's Treasure,
Still the vain Possessor's poor,
What are Riches without Pleasure?
Endless Pains the Miser takes
To encrease his Heaps of Money;
Lab'ring Bees his Pattern makes,
Yet he fears to taste his Honey.

Views, with aching Eyes, his Store,
 Trembling, lest he chance to lose it,
 Pining still for want of more,
 Tho' the Wretch wants Pow'r to use it,
Calia thus, with endless Arts,
 Spends her Days, her Charms improving,
 Lab'ring still to conquer Hearts,
 Yet ne'er tastes the Sweets of Loving :

Views, with Pride, her Shape, her Face,
 Fancying still she's under Twenty ;
 Age brings Wrinkles on a-pace,
 While she starves with all her Plenty.
 Soon or late they both will find,
 Time their Idol from them sever ;
 He must leave his Gold behind,
 Lock'd within his Grave for ever.

Calia's Fate will still be worse,
 When her fading Charms deceive her,
 Vain Desire will be her Curse,
 When no Mortal will relieve her.
Calia, hoard thy Charms no more,
 Beauty's like the Miser's Treasure :
 Taste a little of thy Store ;
 What is Beauty without Pleasure ?



S O N G CLXIX.

FOR many unsuccessful Years
At *Cynthia's* Feet I lay,
Bathing them often with my Tears;
I sigh'd, but durst not pray.
No prostrate Wretch, before the Shrine
Of some lov'd Saint above
E'er thought his Goddess more divine,
Or paid more awful Love.

Still the disdainful Nymph look'd down,
With coy insulting Pride,
Receiv'd my Passion with a Frown,
Or turn'd her Head aside.
Then *Cupid* whisper'd in my Ear,
Use more prevailing Charms,
You modest whining Fool, draw near,
And clasp her in your Arms.

With eager Kisses tempt the Maid,
From *Cynthia's* Feet depart,
The Lips he briskly must invade,
That wou'd possess the Heart.
With that, I shook off all the Slave,
My better Fortunes try'd,
When *Cynthia* in a Moment gave
What she for Years deny'd.



SONG CLXX.

I Love, I dote, I rave with Pain,
 No Quiet's in my Mind,
 Tho' ne'er could be a happier Swain,
 Were *Sylvia* less unkind;
 For when (as long her Chains I've worn)
 I ask Relief from Smart,
 She only gives me Looks of Scorn;
 Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

My Rivals, rich in Worldly Store,
 May offer Heaps of Gold,
 But surely I a Heav'n adore,
 Too precious to be sold;
 Can *Sylvia* such a Coxcomb prize,
 For Wealth and not Desert,
 And my poor Sighs and Tears despise?
 Alas, 'twill break my Heart!

When like some panting, hov'ring Dove,
 I for my Bliss contend,
 And plead the Cause of eager Love,
 She coldly calls me Friend.
 Ah, *Sylvia*! thus in vain you strive
 To act a Healer's Part;
 'Twill keep but ling'ring Pain alive,
 Alas! and break my Heart.

When on my lonely, pensive Bed
 I lay me down to rest,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 191

Hope to calm my raging Head,
And cool my burning Breast,
er Cruelty all Ease denies;
With some sad Dream I start,
ll drown'd in Tears I find my Eyes,
And breaking feel my Heart.

Then rising, thro' the Path I rove
That leads me where she dwells,
Here to the senseless Waves my Love
Its mournful Story tells;
With Sighs I dew and kiss the Door,
'Till Morning bids depart;
Then vent ten thousand Sighs, and more,
Alas! 'twill break my Heart.

ur, *Sylvia*, when this Conquest's won,
And I am dead and cold,
announce the cruel Deed you've done,
Nor glory when 'tis told;
er ev'ry lovely gen'rous Maid
Will take my injur'd Part,
nd curse thee, *Sylvia*, I'm afraid,
For breaking my poor Heart.

SONG CLXXI.

XIND *Ariadne*, drown'd in Tears,
Upbraids the faithless *Grecian* Chief,
till *Bacchus*, jolly God, appears,
And heals her Woe, and lulls her Grief.

The Moral of this Tale implies,
 When Woman yields her Virgin Store,
 Away the sated Lover flies,
 New Mines of Pleasure to explore.

Awhile she tries each Female Snare,
 The loud Reproach, the sullen Grief;
 But tired at length with fruitless Care,
 Flies to the Bottle for Relief.

SONG CLXXII.

WHEN *Aurelia* first I courted,
 She had Youth and Beauty too;
 Killing Pleasures when she sported,
 All her Charms were ever new:
 Subtle Time hath now deceiv'd her,
 Which her Glories did uphold;
 All her Arts can ne'er reprieve her,
 Poor *Aurelia's* growing old.

Those airy Spirits which invired,
 Are retir'd, and move no more;
 And those Eyes are now benighted,
 Which were Comets heretofore:
 Want of those abate her Merit,
 Yet I've Passion for her Name;
 Only kind and amorous Spirits
 Kindle and maintain a Flame.

SONG CLXXIII.

HOW blest'd he appears,
 That revels and loves out his happy Years,
 That fiercely spurs on till he finish his Race,
 And, knowing Life's short, chuses living a-pace!
 To Cares we were born, 'twere a Folly to doubt it;
 Then love and rejoice, there's no living without it.
 Each Day we grow older,
 But as Fate approaches, the Brave still are bolder;
 The Joys of Love with our Youth slide away,
 But yet there are Pleasures that never decay:
 When Beauty grows dull, and our Passions grow
 cold,
 Wine still keeps its Charms, and we drink when
 we're old.

SONG CLXXIV.

BACCHUS must now his Pow'r resign,
 I am the only God of Wine;
 It is not fit the Wretch should be
 In Competition set with me,
 Who can drink ten times more than he.

Make a new World, ye Pow'r's divine,
 Stock'd with nothing else but Wine;
 Let Wine the only Product be,
 Let Wine be Earth, be Air and Sea,
 And let that Wine be all for me.

Let wretched Mortals vainly wear
 A tedious Life in anxious Care,
 Let the ambitious toil and think;
 Let States and Empires swim or sink,
 My Soul's Ambition is to drink.

SONG CLXXV.

TH O' envious Old Age seems in part to im-
 pare me,
 And makes me the Sport of the wanton and gay,
 Brisk Wine shall recruit, as Life's Winter shall wear
 me,
 And I still have a Heart to do what I may.

Then, *Venus*, bestow me some Damsel of Beauty,
 As *Bacchus* shall lend me a cherishing Glass;
 To *Selena* the Great they shall both pay their Du-
 ty;
 We'll first clasp the Bottle, and then clasp the
 Lads;
 The Bottle, the Lads,
 The Lads and the Bottle,
 We'll first clasp the Bottle, and then clasp the Lads.



SONG CLXXVI.

BY the Mole on your Babbies so round and so
white,

By the Mole on your Neck, where my Arms would
delight,

By whatever Mole else you have got out of sight,
I pr'ythee now hear me, dear Molly.

By the Kiss just a starting from off your moist Lips,

By the delicate up and down Jutt of your Hips,

By the Tip of your Tongue, which all Tongues
out-tips,

I pr'ythee, &c.

By the Down on thy Bosom, on which my Soul
dies,

By the thing of all Things, which you lose at your
Eyes,

By the Thoughts you lie down with, and those
when you rise,

I pr'ythee, &c.

By all the soft Pleasures a Virgin can share,

By the critical Minute no Virgin can bear,

By the Question I burp for to ask, but don't dare,
I pr'ythee, &c.



In open Distance, as if
But at length a poor snipe flew down in the way.

SONG CLXXVII.

I'LL tell you a Story, a Story that's true,
 A Story that's dismal and comical too;
 It is of a Fryar, who, some People think,
 Tho' as sweet as a Nut, might have dy'd of a Stink,
Derry down, &c.

The Fryar would often go out with his Gun,
 And tho' no good Marksman, he thought himself
 one;
 For tho' he for ever was wont to miss Aim,
 Still something, but never himself, was to blame.
Derry Down, &c.

It happen'd, young Peter, a Friend of the Fryar's,
 With Legs arm'd with Leather, for fear of the
 Briers,
 Went out with him oncé, tho' it signifies not,
 Where he hir'd his Gun, or who tick'd for the Shot.
Derry down, &c.

Away these two trudg'd it o'er Hills and o'er Dales,
 They popp'd at the Partridges, frighten'd the
 Quails;
 But, to tell you the Truth, no great Mischief was
 done,
 Save spoiling the Proverb, *as sure as a Gun.*
Derry down, &c.

But at length a poor Snipe flew direct in the way,
 In open Defiance, as if he would say,

of ENGLISH SONGS. 197

If only the Fryar and Peter are there,
I'll fly where I list, there's no Reason to fear.

Derry down, &c.

Tho' little thought he that his Death was so nigh,
Yet Peter, by chance, fetch'd him down from on
high;

His Shot was ramm'd down with a Journal, I wist,
The first time he charg'd so improper with *Mist*.

Derry down, &c.

Then on both Sides the Speeches began to be made,
As--I beg your Acceptance---O! no, Sir, indeed---
I beg that you would, Sir--- for both wisely knew
That one Snipe could ne'er be a Supper for two.

Derry down, &c.

What the Fryar declin'd, in most civil sort,
Peter slipt in his Pocket (the De'cl take him for't)
But were the Truth known, 'twould plainly appear,
He oft times has found a longer Bill there.

Derry down, &c.

Hid in his Pocket the Snipe safely lay,
While a Week did pass over his Head, and a Day,
Till the Ropes for a Toast too offensive were
grown,

And were smelt out by every Nose but his own.

Derry down, &c.

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The Fryar look'd wholeſom, it muſt be agreed,
So no one could ſay whence the Stink ſhould proceed ;

Where the Stink might be laid, tho' no one could
'Tis certain he brought 'it, and took it away. [ſay,
Derry down, &c.

At Sight of the Fryar began the Perfum'e,
And ſcarce he appear'd, but he ſcented the Room ;
Snuff-Boxes were held in the greateſt Eſteem,
And all the wry Faces were made where he came.

Derry down, &c.

As the Place he was in, it was call'd this or that ;
In the Room 'twas a Cloſe-ſtool, or elſe a dead Rat ;
In the Fields, where he walk'd, for ſome Carnion
'twas gueſt ;

'Twas a Fart, at the *Angel*, and paſt for a Jeſt.

Derry down, &c.

At length the Suſpicion fell thick on poor Tray,
'Till he took to his Heels, and with ſpeed ran away ;
Thought the Fryar, poor Tray, I'll remember thee
ſoon,

If I live to grow ſweet, I will give thee a Bone.

Derry down, &c.

For he knew that poor Tray was moſt highly abus'd,
And, if any, himſelf thus deſerv'd to be us'd ;

For 'twas certainly he (who elſe could he think)

'Twas certainly he that muſt make all the Stink.

Derry down, &c.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 199

So, when he came home, he sat down on his Bed,
His Elbow at distance supported his Head;
His Body long while like a Pendulum went,
But all he could do did not alter the Scent.

Derry down, &c.

Thus hipp'd, he got up, and pull'd off his Clothes,
He peep'd in his Breeches, and smelt to his Hose,
And the very next Morning fresh Clothes he put on,
All, all but a Waistcoat, for he had but one.

Derry down, &c.

But changing his Clothes did not alter the Case,
And so he stunk on for three Weeks and three Days,
Till to send for a Doctor he thought it most meet;
For, tho' he was not, his Life it was sweet.

Derry down, &c.

The Doctor he came, felt his Pulse in a trice,
Then crept at a Distance to give his Advice;
But sweating, nor bleeding, nor purging would do;
For, instead of one Stink, this only made two.

Derry down, &c.

The Fryar oft-times to his Glass would repair,
But to Death he was frighten'd when'er he came
there;

His Eyes were so sunk, and he look'd so aghast,
He verily thought he was stinking his last.

Derry down, &c.

So, for Credit, he hastens to burn all his Prose,
 And into the Fire his Verses he throws;
 When searching his Pockets, to make up the Pile,
 He found out the Snipe that had stunk all the while.
Derry down, &c.

So he hopes you'll now think him wholesome again,
 Since his Waistcoat discovers the Cause of his Pain:
 To conclude, the poor Fryar intreats you to note,
 That you might have been sweet, had you been in
 his Coat.
Derry down, &c.

SONG CLXXVIII.

EUROPA fair,
 Love's chiefest Care,
 Gayly smiling hither turn your Eyes.
 To court your Love,
 See mighty Jove
 Thus descending from the highest Skies.

Shew no Disdain,
 To give me Pain;
 But yield to Joy
 That ne'er will cloy,
 And wisely of my fond Passion approve,
 And cool the scorching Thunderbolt of Love.

Thus, earthly Fair,
 When Mortals dare

Provoke my Rage,
You may assuage,
When in your Arms I am closely curl'd,
Kissling, pressing, you will save the World.

SONG CLXXIX.

A Lovely Lass to a Fryar came,
To confess in a Morning early.
In what, my Dear, are you to blame?
Now tell to me sincerely.
I have done, Sir, what I dare not name,
With a Man that loves me dearly.
The greatest Fault in my self I know
Is what I now discover.
You for that Crime to Rome must go,
And Discipline must suffer.
Lack-a-day, Sir! if it must be so,
Pray send with me my Lover.
No, no, my dear, you do but dream,
We'll have no double Dealing;
But if with me you'll repeat the same,
I'll pardon your past Failing.
I must own, Sir (but I blush for Shame)
That your Penance is prevailing,



SONG CLXXX.

HOW pleasant a Sailor's Life passes,
 Who roams o'er the watery Main;
 No Treasure he ever amasses,

But chearfully spends all his Gain.
 We're Strangers to Party and Faction,
 To Honour and Honesty true;
 And wou'd not commit a base Action,
 For Power or Profit in view.

CHORUS.

*Then why should we quarrel for Riches,
 Or any such glittering Toys?
 A light Heart, and a thin pair of Breeches,
 Goes thoro' the World, brave Boys.*

The World is a beautiful Garden,
 Inrich'd with the Blessings of Life;
 The Toiler with Plenty rewarding,
 Which Plenty too often breeds Strife.
 When terrible Tempests assail us,
 And mountainous Billows affright,
 No Grandeur or Wealth can avail us,
 But skilful Industry steers right.

CHORUS.

*Then why should we quarrel for Riches,
 Or any such glittering Toys?
 A light Heart, and a thin pair of Breeches,
 Goes thoro' the World, brave Boys.*

The Courtier's more subject to Dangers,
Who rules at the Helm of the State,
Than we that, to Politicks Strangers,
Escape the Snarcs laid for the Great.
The various Blessings of Nature
In various Nations we try;
No Mortal then us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.

CHORUS.

Then why should we quarrel for Riches,
Or any such glittering Toys?
A light Heart, and a roan pair of Breeches,
Goes thro' the World; brave Boys.

SONG CLXXXI.

I AM a jolly Huntsman,
My Voice is Thrill and clear,
Well known to drive the Stag,
And the drooping Dogs to cheer,
And a hunting we will go, will go, will go,
And a hunting we will go.
I leave my Bed betimes,
Before the Morning grey,
Let loose my Dogs, and mount a Horse;
And hollow, come away.
And a hunting, &c.

The Game's no sooner rous'd,
 But in rush the chearful Cry,
 Thro' Bush and Brake, o'er Hedge and Stake,
 The frighted Beast does fly.
And a hunting, &c.

In vain he flies to Covert,
 A num'rous Pack pursue,
 That never cease to trace his Steps,
 Ev'n tho' they've lost the View.
And a hunting, &c.

There's *Scentwell* and *Finder*,
 Dogs never known to fail,
 To hit off with humble Nose,
 But with a lofty Tail.
And a hunting, &c.

To *Scentwell*, Hark! he calls,
 And faithful *Finder* joins;
 Whip in the Dogs, my merry Rogues,
 And give your Horse the Reins.
And a hunting, &c.

Hark! forward how they go it,
 The View they'd lost they gain;
 Tantivy, high and low,
 Their Legs and Throats they strain.
And a hunting, &c.

There's *Ruler* and *Countess*,
 That most times lead the Field;

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Traveller and Bonnylaff

To none of 'em will yield.

And a hunting, &c.

Now **Duchess** hits it foremost,

Next **Lightfoot** leads the way,

And **Toper** bears the Bell;

Each Dog will have his Day.

And a hunting, &c.

There's **Musick** and **Chanter**

Their nimble **Treebles** try;

Whilst **Sweetlips** and **Tunwell**

With **Counters** clear reply:

And a hunting, &c.

There's **Rockwood** and **Thunder**,

That tongue the heavy **Bass**;

Whilst **Trowler** and **Ringwood**

With **Tenors** crown the Chase.

And a hunting, &c.

Now sweetly in full **Cry**

Their various **Notes** they join;

Gods, what a **Confort's** here, my **Lads!**

'Tis more than half divine.

And a hunting, &c.

The **Woods**, **Rocks**, and **Mountains**,

Delighted with the **Sound**,

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To neighb'ring Dales and Fountains
Repeating, deal it round.

And a hunting, &c.

A glorious Chase it is,
We drove him many a Mile,
O'er Hedge and Ditch, we go thro' Stitch,
And hit off many a Foil.
And a hunting, &c.

And yet he runs it stoutly,
How wide, how swift he strains!
With what a Skip he took that Leap
And scow'rs it o'er the Plains!
And a hunting, &c.

See how our Horses foam,
The Dogs begin to droop;
The winding Horn, on Shoulder born,
'Tis time to cheer 'em up.
And a hunting, &c.

[*Sound Tantivy.*]

Hark! Leader, Countess, Bouncer,
Chear up, my merry Dogs all;
To Tatler bark, he holds it smart,
And answers ev'ry Call.
And a hunting, &c.

Co, Co, there, Drunkard, Snowball.
Gadzooks! whip Bomer in;
We'll die i'th' Place, ere quit the Chase,
'Till we've made the Game our own.
And a hunting, &c.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 207

Up, yonder Steep I'll follow,
Beset with craggy Stones;
My Lord cries, *Jack*, you Dog come back,
Or else you'll break your Bones.
And a hunting, &c.

Huzzah! he's almost down,
He begins to slack his Course,
He pants for Breath; I'll in at's Death,
Tho' I should kill my Horse.
And a hunting, &c.

See, now he takes the Moors,
And strains to reach the Stream;
He leaps the Flood, to cool his Blood,
And quench his thirsty Flame.
And a hunting, &c.

He scarce has touch'd the Bank,
The Cry bounce finely in,
And swiftly swim a-cross the Stream,
And raise a glorious Din.
And a hunting, &c.

His Legs begin to fail,
His Wind and Speed are gone,
He stands at Bay, and gives 'em Play,
He can no longer run.
And a hunting, &c.

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Old Hektor long behind,
By Use and Nature bold,
In rushes first, and seizes fast,
But soon is flung from's Hold.
And a hunting, &c.

He traverses his Ground,
Advances and retreats,
Gives many Hound a mortal Wound,
And long their Force defeats.
And a hunting, &c.

He bounds and springs, and snorts,
He shakes his branched Head;
Tis safest farthest off, I see,
Poor Talboy is lain dead.
And a hunting, &c.

Vain are Heels and Antlers,
With such a Pack set round,
Spight of his Heart, seize ev'ry Part,
And pull him fearless down.
And a hunting, &c.

Ha! dead, ware dead, whip off,
And take a special Care;
Dismount with Speed, and cut his Throat,
Lest they his Haunches tear,
And a hunting, &c.

The Sport is ended now,
We're laden with the Spoil;

As home we pass, we talk o'th' Chase,
O'er paid for all our Toil.
And a bunting, &c.

SONG CLXXXII.

AT a May-Pole down in Kent,
Now Spring with flow'ry Sweets was come,
Nymphs with Swains to dancing went,
Each hop'd to bring the Garland home;
When *Winna* came, they all gave way,
Youths with Joy their Homage pay,
Nymphs confess her Queen of May;
No one was ever yet so gay.

As her Skin, the Lily fair;
New-budding Rose her Mouth imparts;
New-strung *Cupid's* Bow her Hair;
Eyes, his keenest Ebon Darts.
When you do her Temper view,
Young, but wise; admir'd, yet true;
Never charm'd with empty Shew;
Ne'er indiscreet, yet easy too.

All round your Steps advance,
Now foot it in a Fairy Ring;
Nimble trip, and as you dance,
Ever live, bright *Winna*, sing.
With Boughs their Hearts of Oak beset,
Your brave Sires their Conqueror met;

No Crown, but her Locks of Jet,
Now does your free Allegiance get.

S O N G, CLXXXIII.

WHile some for Pleasure pawn their Health,
'Twixt *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,
I'll save my self, and without Stealth,
Kiss and caress my *Nanny*--O,
She bids more fair t'engage a *Jove*,
Than *Leda* did, or *Danae*---O,
Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
None else should sit but *Nanny*---O.

How joyfully my Spirits rise,
When dancing she moves finely---O:
I guess what Heav'n is by her Eyes,
They sparkle so divinely---O,
Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I
Breathe, in the blest *Britannia*,
No human Bliss I shall envy,
While thus ye grant me *Nanny*---O.

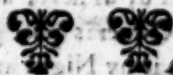
C H O R U S.

My bonny, bonny *Nanny*---O,
My lovely, charming *Nanny*---O,
I care not tho' the World shou'd know
How dearly I love *Nanny*---O.



SONG CLXXXIV.

WHENT survey'd *Clarinda's* Charms,
Folded within my citching Arms,
What endless Pleasures move along—
Serenely soft, and sweetly strong;
Ev'ry Smile invites to Love;
Balmy Kisses,
Am'rous Blisses,
Ev'ry rising Charm improve.
Immortal Bliss, that ne'er will cloy,
Always attends her Angel Form;
Softest Repose, and blooming Joy,
In her conspire the Soul to charm:
All can Joy or Love create,
Beauteous Blessings,
Past expressing,
Round the tender fair one wait.
Love on her Breast has fixt his Throne,
And *Cupid* revels in her Eyes;
Who can the Charmer's Pow'r disown,
When in each Glance an Arrow flies?
Yet, when wounded, we feel no Pain;
No, 'tis Pleasure,
Above Measure,
Raptures flow in ev'ry Vein.



SONG CLXXXV.

HOW smoothly the Minutes, dear *Celadon*,
— flow,

When calm and serene no Passion we know!
The Morning, the Ev'ning its Pleasure does bring,
If we read, or we talk, if we pipe, or we sing:
But when the Boy *Cupid* once twangeth his Bow,
And pierceth our Hearts with his Arrows of Woe,
We lose all Delight, and we forfeit all Ease,
Nor Reading, nor Talking, nor Musick can please.

My Leisure in fanciful Musings I spent,
And look'd without Pain on the Lassies of Kent:
No Virgin, with Feature, with Voice, or with Air,
No Virgin was able my Heart to ensnare.
Ah, why did I, foolish, abandon those Plains,
To join in the Revels of *Lemington* Swains!
Where heedless young *Chloe*, unpractis'd in Arts,
Entices to Love the most indolent Hearts.

My Books were my Charmers, my Thoughts my
Delight,
In the Cool of the Morn, in the Stillness of Night:
My Books and my Thoughts each other reliev'd;
And the Minutes, soft gliding, were sweetly de-
ceiv'd.

No Passion disturb'd me; my Joys were my own:
But now I'm so alter'd, as never was known!
My Heart from its Owner is quite gone astray;
And *Chloe* torments it by Night and by Day.

OF ENGLISH SONGS. 213

My Friend still was welcome, whenever he came;
My Friend saw my Countenance always the same;
O'er a Pot of Bohea we grew merry and wise,
And laugh'd at the Torments fond Lovers devise.

But, wounded by *Chloe*, I live in the Spleen:

My Friend, with Surprise, sees a Change in my

Mein;

And bid him be gone; for his Wit and his Jest

But make him the more insupportable Guest.

How once ev'ry Object a Pleasure did yield!

If I walk'd in the Garden, or travers'd the Field:

On beautiful Landships I feasted my Sight;

When the Nightingale sung, I cou'd listen all night.

But now, as I rove thro' the Valley or Glade,

The beautiful Landships before my Eye fade:

In the Nightingale's Note no Musick I find,

For nothing but *Chloe* still runs in my Mind.

If my Spirits, in Solitude, wanted Relief,

With my Flute, by a Brook, I cou'd solace my Grief,

Or sleep to the lullaby Noise of the Stream,

And awake to new Life, from a rapturous Dream.

But now all Endeavours in vain I apply,

Since for *Chloe* I languish, for *Chloe* I die,

To no Purpose I try on my Flute ev'ry Strain;

And the Brook o'er the Pebbles now murmurs in

vain.

Beware, silly Shepherds, how Love you defy;

Beware of the desperate Glance of her Eye,

214 . . . COLLECTION

In Freedom I triumph'd, and flouted the Swains,
Who sold themselves Captive, and forg'd their own

Chains:

But since I beheld her, alas! I'm undone;
Since first I saw *Cloe*, my Freedom is gone.

I have forg'd my own Chains; and I constantly cry
Was ever poor Shepherd so wretched as I!

How, *Celadon*, shall I my Passion reveal?

Or must I forever my Torment conceal?

The Woe she creates has she Pity to hear?

Ah! no, she is cruel as charming, I fear.

Affist me, by Reason to ransom my Heart,

Or teach me to gain her; oh! teach me the Art

Ye merciful Powers, to you I complain,

Give Love to the Nymph, or give Rase to

Swain.

SONG CLXXXVI.

FLOCKS are sporting,

Doves are courting,

Warbling Linnets sweetly sing.

Joy and Pleasure,

Without Measure,

Kindly hail the glorious Spring.

Flocks are bleating,

Rocks repeating,

Vallies eccho back the Sound;

of ENGLISH SONGS. 215

Dancing, Singing,
Piping, Springing,
Nought but Mirth and Joy go round;

SONG CLXXXVII.

A S. Sparabella penfive lay,
In dreary Shade along,
With woful Mood, the Love-lorn Maid
Thus wail'd in plaining Song.

The Tears forth streaming from her Eyes,
Adown her Cheeks fast flow:
Her Eyes, which now no longer shine,
Her Cheeks no longer glow.

Ah, well-a-day! Does Collin then
Make Mock of all my Smart?
Has he so soon forgot his Vows,
Which won my Maiden Heart?

Ah, witless Damsel! why did I
So soon my self resign?

Ah! why did'st thou, false Shepherd, say,
Thy Heart shou'd still be mine?

Oh! Collin, Collin, call to mind
What you to me did say,
As we in yonder Field were laid
Beneath the cocking Hay;
Whilst tenderly I stroak'd thy Cheeks,
My Apron o'er thee spread,

Snatch'd hasty Kisses from thy Lips,
And lull'd thy leaning Head.

Did you not swear, that Hounds shou'd first
With tim'rous Hares unite;
The Fox with Geese; with Lambs, the Dog;
And with the Hen, the Kite:
The Moon (that roves like thee) shou'd fall;
The Stars benighted prove;
The Sun (that burns like me) shou'd cease
To shine, ere thou to love?

Oh! then let wide Confusion reign,
The Hound with Hares unite;
The Fox with Geese; with Lambs, the Dog;
And with the Hen, the Kite:
Thou Sun, no more with Glory shine;
Ye Stars, extinguish'd be;
Drop down, thou Moon, and fall to Earth,
For Collin's false to me!

The Damsel thus, with Eyes brimful,
Rehears'd her piteous Woes;
When she perceiv'd her fading Life
Draw near, alas! its Close.

But first, forewarn'd by me, poor Maid!
Ah! Maid no more, she cry'd,
Ye Lasses all, shun flatt'ring Swains;
Then clos'd her Eyes, and dy'd.



SONG CLXXXVIII.

CHLORIS farewell! I now must go:
For if with thee I longer stay,

Thy eyes prevail upon me so,

I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,

Among the rest, me hither brought:

Finding this fame fall short of truth,

Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by Word, and Oath,

A servant to another's will:

Yes, for thy love, I'd forfeit both

Could I be sure to keep it still.

But what assurance can I take?

When thou, foreknowing this abuse,

For some more worthy lover's sake,

May'st leave me with so just excuse,

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy fault,

That thou didst thus inconstant prove;

Being by my example taught

To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No, CHLORIS, no: I will return,

And raise thy story to that height,

That strangers shall at distance burn;

And she distrust me reprobate.

218 A COLLECTION

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy Face,
But make my constant meals at home.

SONG CLXXXIX.

PEACE, babling Muse!
I dare not sing what you indite;
Her eyes refuse
To read the passion which they write:
She strikes my lute, but if it sound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no less her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While some fierce lion does embrace
His breathless corps, and lick his face;
Wrapp'd up in silent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

SONG CXC.

SAY, lovely Dream! where could'st thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 219

In heav'n it self thou sure wer't drest
With that angel-like disguise:
Thus deluded am I blest,
And see my joy with closed eyes.

But ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a Dream:
Cruel *Sacharissa's* mind
Never put on that sweet extreme!

Fair Dream! if thou intend'st me grace,
Change that heav'nly face of thine;
Paint despis'd love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
With a pity-moving shape;
Such as wander by the brook
Of *Lethe*, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless Nymph appear,
In whose shape thou shinest so;
Softly in her sleeping ear,
With humble words express my woe.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
Thus surprised she may fall:
Sleep does disproportion hide,
And, death resembling, equals all.

SONG CXCI.

STAY, *Phæbus*, stay!

The world to which you fly so fast,
Conveying day

From us to them, can pay your haste,
With no such object, nor salute your rise
With no such wonder, as *de Mornay's* eyes.

Well do's this prove
The error of those antique books,
Which made you move
About the world: her charming looks
Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rowling earth snatch her away.

SONG CXCH.

I Grant, a thousand Oaths I swore
I none would love but you:

But not to change would wrong me more,
Than breaking them can do.

Yet you thereby a Truth will learn,
Of much more worth than I;

Which is, That Lovers which do swear,
Do also use to lye.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 221

Chloris does now possess that Heart
Which to you did belong:
But, though thereof she brags a while,
She shall not do so long.
She thinks, by being fair and kind,
To hinder my Remove,
And ne're so much as dreams that Change,
Above both those, I love.

Then grieve not any more, nor think
My Change is a Disgrace:
For though it robs you of one Slave,
It leaves Another Place:
Which your bright Eyes will soon subdue
With him does them first see:
For if they could not conquer more,
They ne'er had conquer'd me.

S O N G CXCIII.

CH L O R I S, 'twill be for either's Rest,
Truly to know each other's Breast:
I'll make th' obscurest Part of mine
Transparent as I would have thine.
If you will deal but so with me,
We soon shall part, or soon agree.

212 *A* COLLECTION

Know then, though you were twice as fair,
If it could be, as now you are;

And though the Graces of your Mind
With resembling Lustre shin'd :

Yet if you love me not, you'll see
I'll value those as you do me.

Though I a thousand times had sworn
My Passion should transcend your Scorn,
And that your bright triumphant Eyes
Create a Flame that never dies ;

Yet if to me you prove untrue,
Those Oaths should turn as false to you.

If I vow'd to pay Love for Hate,
'Twas, I confess, a meer Deceit ;
Or that my Flame should deathless prove,
'Twas but to render so your Love :
I bragg'd as Cowards use to do
Of Dangers they'll ne'er run into.

And now my Tenets I have show'd,
If you think them too great a Load ;
T' attempt your Change, were but in vain,
The Conquest not being worth the Pain.
With them I'll other Nymphs subdue ;
'Tis too much to lose time, and you,



S O N G CXCIV.

Impatient with Desire, at last
I ventur'd to lay Forms aside,
Twas I was Modest, not she Chast,
The Nymph as soon as ask'd comply'd:
With amorous Awe, a silent Fool,
I gaz'd upon her Eyes with Fear:
Speak Love, how came your Slave so dull
To read no better there?
Thus, to our selves the greatest Foes,
Altho' the Fair be well inclin'd;
For want of Courage to propose,
By our own Folly, she's unkind.

S O N G CXCV.

THO' I'm a Man in ev'ry Part,
And much inclin'd to Change;
Yet I must stop my wand'ring Heart,
When it desires to Range.
I must indeed my *Calia* love;
Altho' I have enjoy'd;
And make that Bliss still pleasant prove,
With which I have been cloy'd.
I must that Fair one Justice do,
I must still constant be:
For 'twere unkind to be untrue,
While she is true to me.

Then, *Cupid*, I must teach you how
To make me still her Slave:

That Food to make me relish now,
Which once a Surfeit gave.

You must, to play this Game at first,
Some Jealousy contrive;

That she may vow I am the worst,
And falsest Man alive.

Let her in Anger persevere,
Be Jealous as before;

'Till I begin to huff, and swear
I'll never see her more.

Then let her use a little Art,
And lay aside her Frowns;

Let her some am'rous Glances dart,
To bring my Passion down.

Thus whilst I am again on Fire,

Make me renew my Pain:

Make her consent to my Desire,

And me still hug my Chain.

SONG CXCVI.

WHEN first my free Heart was inspir'd by
Desire,

So soft was the Wound, and so gentle the Fire;

My Sighs were so sweet, and so pleasant the
Smart,

I pity'd the Slave that had ne'er lost his Heart.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 225

He thinks himself happy, and free; but alas!
He's far from that Heaven which Lovers
possess.

In Nature was nothing that I could compare
With the Beauty of *Chloris*, I thought her so Fair;
A Wit so Divine all her Sayings did fill,
A Goddess she seem'd; and I thought of her still
With a Zeal more inflam'd, and a Passion more
true,
Than a Martyr in flames for Religion can
shew.

More Virtues and Graces I found in her Mind,
Than the Schools can invent, or the Gods e'er
design'd.

She seem'd to be mine by each Glance of her Eye,
If Mortals might aim at a Blessing so high.

Each Day, with new Favours, new Hopes she
did give;

But alas! what is wish'd we too soon do
believe.

With awful Respect while I lov'd and admir'd,

But fear'd to attempt what so much I desir'd,

In a Moment my Joys and my Hopes were
destroy'd,

A Shepherd more daring, fell on and enjoy'd:

Yet in spite of my Fate, and the Pains I
endure,

In a second Amour I will seek for my Cure.

SONG CXCVII.

O H! the time that is past,
When she held me so fast,

And declar'd that her Honour no longer con'd last
No Light, but her languishing Eyes did appear
To prevent all Exeuses of Blushing, and Fear.

How she sigh'd, and unlac'd,
With such trembling, and haste,
As if she had long'd to be closer embrac'd!
My Lips the sweet Pleasure of Kisses enjoy'd,
While my Hands were in search of hid Treasure
employ'd.

With my Heart all on Fire
In the Flames of Desire,
When I boldly pursu'd what she seem'd to re-
quire,
She cry'd, Oh! for Pity's sake change your ill
Mind,
Pray, *Amyntas* be civil, or I'll be unkind.

All your Bliss you destroy,
Like a naked young Boy,
Who fears the kind River he came to enjoy:
Let's in, my dear *Chloris*, I'll save thee from
harm;
And make the cold Element pleasant and warm.

Dear *Amyntas*! she cries,
Then she cast down her Eyes,

and with Kisses confest what she faintly denies.
 too sure of my Conquest, I purpos'd to stay
 till her freer Consent did more sweeten the
 Prey.

But too late I begun ;
 For her Passion was done ;
 Now *Amyntas*, she cry'd, I will never be won ;
 thy Tears and thy Courtship no Pity can move,
 thou hast slighted the Critical Minute of Love.

S O N G CXC VIII.

I Sigh'd and I writ,
 And employ'd all my Wit,
 and still pretty *Sylvia* deny'd ?
 'Twas Virtue I thought,
 And became such a Sor,
 ador'd her the more for her Pride.

'Till mask'd in the Pir,
 My coy *Lucrece* I met,
 Croud of gay Fops held her Play,
 So brisk and so free,
 With her smart Repartee,
 was cur'd, and went blushing away.

Poor Lovers mistake
The Addressee they make
With Vows to be Constant and True,
Though all the Nymphs hold
For the Sport that is old,
Yet their Play-mates must ever be new.

Each pretty new Toy
They would die to enjoy,
And then for a Newer they pine;
But when they perceive
Others like what they leave,
They will cry for their Bauble again.

S O N G CXCIX.

A Maiden of late,
Whose Name was sweet *Kate*,
She dwelt in *London* near *Aldersgate*;
Now list to my Ditty, declare it I can,
She wou'd have a *Child*, without help of a
Man.

To a Doctor she came,
A Man of great Fame,
Whose deep Skill in Physick Report did proclaim
Quoth she, Mr. Doctor, shew me, if you can,
How I may conceive without help of a Man

of ENGLISH SONGS. 229

Then listen, quoth He
Since so it must be.

This wondrous strange Med'cine I'll shew pre-
sently,

Take nine Pound of Thunder, six Legs of a
Swan,

And you shall Conceive without help of a
Man.

The Wood of a Frog,

The Juice of a Log,

Well parboil'd together in the Skin of a Hog,
With the Egg of a Moon-Calf, if get it you
can,

And you shall Conceive without help of a
Man.

The Love of false Harlots,

The Faith of false Varlers,

With the Truth of Decoys that walk in their
Scarlers,

With Feathers of a Lobster well fry'd in a
Pan,

And you shall Conceive without help of a
Man.

Nine Drops of Rain

Brought hither from *Spain*,

With the Blast of a Bellows quite over the Main,

With eight Quarts of Brimstone brew'd in a
Beer Can,

And you shall Conceive without help of a
Man.

Six Pottles of Lard

Squeez'd from a Rock hard,
With nine Turkey Eggs, each as long as a Yard,
With a Pudding of Hail-stones well bak'd in
a Pan,

And you shall Conceive without help of a
Man.

These Med'cines are good,

And approved have stood,

Well temper'd together with a Pottle of Blood
Squeez'd from a Grasshopper and the Nail of
a Swan,

To make Maids Conceive without help of a
Man.

SONG CC.

IN Lancashire, where I was born,
And many a Cuckold bred;
I had not been marry'd a Quarter of a Year,
But the Horns grew on my Head.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 231

*With bei the Toe bent, and bei the Toe
bent,*

Sir Piercy is under the Line;

*God save the good Earl of Shrewsbury,
For he's a good Friend of mine.*

*Doncaster Mayor, he sits in a Chair,
His Mills they merrily go,
His Nose it doth shine, with drinking of Wine,
The Gout is in his great Toe.*

*But he that will fish for a Lancashire Lads,
At any time or tide,
Must bait his Hook with a good Egg Pie,
And an Apple with a red side.*

*He that Gallops his Horse on Blackstone-edge,
By chance may catch a Fall;
My Lord Mounteagle's Bears be dead,
His Jack-an-Apes and all.*

*At Shipton in Craven there's never a Haven,
Yet many a time foul Weather;
He that will not lye a fair Woman by,
I wish he were hang'd in a Leather.*

*My Lady has lost her left Leg Hose,
So has she done both her Shoon:
She'll earn her Breakfast before she rise,
She'll lye else a-Bed till Noon.*

232 A COLLECTION

Joane Molton's Cross is of no force,
Though many a Cuckold go by;
Let many a Man do all that he can,
Yet a Cuckold he shall die.

The good Wife of the *Swan* has a Leg like a Man,
Full well it becomes her Hose;
She jers it a-pace with a very good Grace,
But falls back at the first Close.

The Prior of *Cour-tree* made a great *Pud-
ding-pie*,
His Monks cry'd Meat for a King;
If the Abbot of *Chester* do die before *Easter*,
Then *Banbury* Bells must Ring.

He that will a *Welch* Man catch,
Must watch when the Wind's i'the South,
And put in a Net a good Piece of roast Cheese,
And hang 'it close to his Mouth.

And *Lancashire*, if thou be true,
As ever thou hast been;
Go sell thy old Whittle, and buy a new Fiddle,
And cry God save the Queen.



S O N G CCI.

I S it not Madness thus to be
Coy, and your Minutes waste;
To let the World be envying me
Pleasures I ne'er did taste?

Since this foul Scandal we have got,
Consent, and yield for shame;
For all your Virtue now will not
Patch up your broken Fame.

Why should our Bliss then be delay'd?
The World can say no more
Than what it has already said,
And that is, thou'rt a Whore.

S O N G CCII.

H APPY Hours, all Hours ex-cel-ling,
When retir'd from Crowds and Noise;
Happy is that silent Dwelling,
Fill'd with Self-possessing Joys.

Happy that contented Creature,
Who with fewest things is pleas'd,
And consults the Voice of Nature,
When of roving Fancies eas'd.

Ev'ry Passion wisely moving,
 Just as Reason turns the Scale;
 Ev'ry State of Life improving,
 That no anxious Thought prevail.

Happy Man who thus possesses
 Life, with some Companion dear,
 Joys imparted still encreases,
 Griefs, when told, soon disappear.

S O N G CCIII.

TALK not so much to me of Love,
 Your vain Pursuit give o'er;
 Your misplac'd Ardour cannot move
 A Heart engag'd before.

No more of Cruelty complain,
 Nor *Chloe's* Breast accuse
 For Want of Pity to a Swain,
 When Honour bids, refuse.

Let some more worthy Virgin Dame,
 Whose Charms all lovely are,
 Be Mistress of your generous Flame;
 She may reward your Care.

Or some brisk sprightly Widow may,
 With Affluence supply'd,
 Your Suit with grateful Sense repay,
 Which *Chloe* has deny'd.

If neither can your Thoughts employ,
But still on me you gaze,
Chloe's Advice receive with Joy,
And fly from *Cupid's* Maze.

Haste! to some peaceful Dome retire,
Such as you oft approve;
Examine well your fond Desire,
And discipline your Love.

And if my wand'ring Steps incline
To your sad, lonely Cell;
My Soul, and every Thought shall join,
To wish poor *Strephon* well!

S O N G CCIV.

W H Y all this Whining, why all this
Pining,

Love is a Folly, and Beauty is vain,
Nothing so common as Wealth and Women,
To raise the Vapours, and so dull the Brain.

To him that's merry, that's frolick and airy,
Nothing is grievous, nor nothing is sad;
Then rouse thy Spirit, and take off thy Claret,
In one smiling Bumper a Cure's to be had.

236 A COLLECTION

If *Chloe* fly thee, and still deny thee,
Never look sneaking, nor never repine:
If 'tis her Fashion, to slight your Passion,
Then seem most easy, and deny her thine.

Yet sily wooe her, and closely pursue her,
Or she'll prove a Tyrant, and laugh thee to
scorn;

When she seems waggish, coquettish and prudish,
Then give Her her Humour, and let her be
gone.

When next you meet her, again intreat her,
And if you find still she'd make you her Tool,
Ne'er let it vex you, or once perplex you,
She'll soon repent it, and find who's the Fool.

Then to requite her, despise her and slight her,
And what you commended as much discom-
mend:

But if Love grieve thee, and still will not leave
thee,

Then e'en love thy self first, and next love
thy Friend.



S O N G CCV.

O H ! cruel Tyrant *Love* !
Why art thou so unkind ?

Wilt thou no milder prove,
Nor ease my troubled Mind ?

No Joy shall I e'er see !

But still tormented be !

And from such dismal Grief,

Shall I ne'er find Relief.

Since thou hast wounded me,

Why dost thou not impart

Some of thy Cruelty,

And make her feel some Smart ?

Tell her how I do burn,

How I lament and mourn !

When she the Truth doth know,

She must some Pity show.

Beauty enthron'd doth stand

Upon her smiling Brow :

Her blushing Cheeks com mand

Me at her Feet to bow :

Her golden Tresses wave,

Her rising Breasts enslave,

Lightning darts from her Eyes,

And kills me by Surprise.

Yet tho' she is most fair,
 Why should she me disdain?
 If Wealth surrounds my Dear,
 Why must I suffer Pain?
 Were she as poor as *Job*,
 I in a Royal Robe,
 And Lord of all the Land,
 I'd be at her Command.

All Day I sigh and weep,
 And vainly do lament!
 All Night I cannot sleep!
 I never rest content!
 But still am fill'd with Pain,
 Scorn, Woe, and sad Disdain:
 These Racks I cannot bear,
 And yet she will not hear;

What Joys can *Myra* take,
 After she does behold
 Poor *Strophon*, for her Sake,
 Laid in a dreary Mould?
 O most unhappy Fate!
 Then Pity comes too late:
Myra, my Life preserve,
 And thee I'll always serve.

I'll wander for her Sake,
 Or keep myself confin'd,
 If she no Pity take
 On my distracted Mind.

O ease the burning Smart,
Of my poor suff'ring Heart;
Else 'twill my Ruin prove;
Farewell then Life and Love!

S O N G CCVI.

SEE the bright *Clarinda* walking,
All her Graces we admire;
Hear the lovely Charmer talking,
Ev'ry Word does Love inspire.

All our Youth without repining,
Proud and happy in their Pains,
To her their humble Hearts resigning,
Glory in such welcome Chains.

Pleas'd to find the Wife complaining
What one View of her has cost,
Now they feel their Passions reigning,
And their boasted Wisdom lost.

No mercenary Force maintains
Her Pow'r, nor any guilty Art;
Greater than Kings *Clarinda* reigns;
Her Empire's seated in the Heart.



SONG CCVII.

NO T caring to observe the Wind,
Or the new Sea explore,
Snatch'd from my self, how far behind
Already I behold the Shore!

May not a thousand Dangers sleep
In the smooth Bosom of this Deep?
No: 'Tis so rockless, and and so clear,
That the rich Bottom does appear
Pay'd all with precious Things; not torn
From ship-wreck'd Vessels, but there born,

Sweetness, Truth, and ev'ry Grace,
Which Time, and Use, are wont to teach,
The Eye may in a Moment reach,
And read distinctly in her Face.

Some other Nymphs, with Colours faint,
And pencil slow, may *Cupid* paint,
And a weak Heart in time destroy;
She has a Stamp, and prints the Boy:
Can, with a single Look, inflame
The coldest Breast, the rudest tame.



S O N G CCVIII.

TIBBT has a Store of Charms,
 Her genty Shape our Fancy warms;
 How strangely can her sma' white Arms
 Fetter the Lad who looks but at her?
 Frae'er Ankle to her slender Waiste,
 These Sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;
 Her rosy Cheeks, and rising Breast,
 Gar ane's Mouth gush bowt fu' o' Water.
 Nelly's gawfy, saft and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken Flowers in May;
 Ilk ane that sees her, cries, *Ab bey!*
She's bonny! O I wonder at her.
 The Dimples of her Chin and Cheek,
 And Limbs sae plump invite to dawt her;
 Her Lips sae sweet, and Skin sae sleek,
 Gar many Mouths beside mine Water.
 Now strike my Finger in a Bore,
 My Wyson with the Maiden Shore,
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
 When these twa Stars appear thegither.
 O Love! why dost thou gi'e thy Fires
 Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither?
 Our spacious Sauls immense Desires,
 And ay be in a hankerin Swither.

Tibby's Shape and Airs are fine,
 And Nelly's Beauties are divine:
 But since they canna baith be mine,
 Ye Gods, give ear to my Petition.
 Provide a good Lad for the tane,
 But let it be with this Provision,
 I get the other to my lane,
 In Prospect *plano* and Fruition.

S O N G CCIX.

AH! the Shepherd's mournful Fate,
 When doom'd to love, and doom'd to
 languish,
 To bear the scornful Fair-one's Hate,
 Nor dare disclose his Anguish.
 Yet eager Looks, and dying Sighs,
 My secret Soul discover,
 While Rapture trembling thro' mine Eyes,
 Reveals how much I love her.
 The tender Glance, the redning Cheek,
 O'erspread with rising Blushes,
 A thousand various Ways they speak
 A thousand various Wishes.
 For oh! that Form so heavenly fair,
 Those languid Eyes so sweetly smiling,
 That artless Blush, and modest Air,
 So fatally beguiling,

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Thy every Look, and every Grace,
 So charm whene'er I view thee;
 Till Death o'ertake me in the Chase,
 Still will my Hopes pursue thee.
 Then when my tedious Hours are past,
 Be this last Blessing given,
 Low at thy Feet to breathe my last,
 And die in sight of Heaven.

S O N G CCX.

IT was the charming Month of *May*,
 When all the Flowers were fresh and gay,
 One Morning by the Break of Day,
 Sweet *Chloe*, Chast and Fair;

From peaceful Slumber she arose,
 Girt on her Mantle and her Hose,
 And o'er the flow'ry Mead she goes,
 To breathe a purer Air.

Her Looks so sweet, so gay her Mein,
 Her handsome Shape and Dress so clean,
 She look'd all o'er like Beauty's Queen,
 Drest in her best Array.

The gentle Winds and purling Stream
 Essay'd to whisper *Chloe's* Name,
 The savage Beasts, till then ne'er tame,
 Wild Adoration pay.

The feather'd People one might see,
Perch'd all around her on a Tree,
With Notes of sweetest Melody
They act a chearful Part.

The dull Slaves on the toilsome Plow,
Their wearied Necks and Knees do bow,
A glad Subjection there they vow,
To pay with all their Heart.

The bleating Flocks that then came by,
Soon as the charming Nymph they spy,
They leave their hoarse and rueful Cry,
And dance around the Brooks.

The Woods are glad, the Meadows smile,
And Forth that foam'd, and roar'd ere while,
Glides calmly down as smooth as Oil,
Thro' all its charming Crooks.

The finny Squadrons are content,
To leave their wat'ry Element,
In glazie Numbers down the bent,
They flutter all along.

The Insects and each creeping Thing,
Join'd to make up the rural Ring,
All frisk and dance, if she but sing,
And make a jovial Throng.

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Kind *Phæbus* now began to rise,
And paint with red the Eastern Skies,
Struck with the Glory of her Eyes,
He shrinks behind a Cloud.

Her Mantle on a Bough she lays,
And all her Glory she displays,
She left all Nature in Amaze,
And skipp'd into the Wood.

S O N G C C X I.

YOUNG *Philander* woo'd me lang,
But I was peevish, and forbad him,
I wadna tent his loving Sang,
But now I wish, I wish I had him:
Ilk Morning when I view my Glas,
Then I perceive my Beauty going;
And when the Wrinkles seize the Face,
Then we may bid adieu to wooing.
My Beauty, anes sae much admir'd,
I find it fading fast, and flying;
My Cheeks, which Coral like appear'd,
Grow pale, the broken Blood decaying.

Ah! we may see our selves to be
 Like Summer-Fruit that is unbraken,
 When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
 And by Corruption quickly taken.

Use then your Time, ye Virgins fair,
 Employ your Day before 'tis evil;
 Fifteen is a Season rare,
 But Five and Twenty is the Devil.
 Just when ripe, consent unto't,
 Hug nae mair your lanely Pillow;
 Women are like other Fruit,
 They lose their Relish when too mellow.

If Opportunity be lost,
 You'll find it hard to be regained;
 Which now I may tell to my Cost,
 Tho' but my sell nane can be blamed:
 If then your Fortune you respect,
 Take the Occasion when it offers;
 Nor a true Lover's Suit neglect,
 Lest ye be scoff'd for being Scoffers.

I, by his fond Expressions, thought
 That in his Love he'd ne'er prove chang-
 ing;
 But now, alas! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 And, past my Hopes, he's gane a-rangin'.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 247

Dear Maidens, then take my Advice,
And let nae Coytises prove your Ruin;
For if ye be o'er foolish nice,
Your Suitors will give over wooing.

Then Maidens auld you nam'd will be,
And in that fretfu' Rank be number'd
As lang as Life; and when ye die,
With leading Apes be ever cumber'd:
A Punishment, and hated Brand,
With which nane of us are contented;
Then be not wise behind the Hand,
That the Mistake may be prevented.

S O N G C C X I I .

F Y let us a' to the Bridal,
For there will be liltin' there;
For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,
The Lass wi' the Gowden Hair.
And there will be Lang-kail and Potrage,
And Bannocks of Barley Meal;
And there will be good sawt Herring,
To relish a Cog of good Ale.
Fy let us a' to the Bridal, &c.

And there will be *Saney* the Sutor,
 And *Will* wi' the meikle-mou:
 And there will be *Tam* the Blutter,
 With *Andrew* the Tinkler I trow;
 And there will be bow'd-legged *Robbie*,
 With thumbleless *Katie's* Goodman;
 And there will be blue-cheeked *Dombie*,
 And *Lawrie* the Laird of the Land.
Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Sow-libber *Patie*,
 And plucky-fac'd *Wat* i' the Mill,
 Capper-nos'd *Francie* and *Gibbie*,
 That wins in the How of the Hill;
 And there will be *Alaster-Sibbie*,
 Wha in with black *Bessy* did mool,
 With snivelling *Lilly* and *Tibby*,
 The Lafs that stands aft on the Stool.
Fy let us, &c.

And *Madge* that was buckled to *Sreenie*,
 And cost him gray Brecks to his Arse,
 Wha after was hangit for stealing,
 Great Mercy it happen'd nae warse:
 And there will gleed *Geordy Fanners*,
 And *Kirsh* with the Lilly-white Leg,
 Wha gade to the South for Manners,
 And bang'd up her Wame in *Mons-meg*.
Fy let us, &c.

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And there will be *Juden M'Lawrie,*

And blinking daft *Barbara M'leg,*

Wi' Flae-lugged *Sharny-fac'd Lawrie,*

And *Shangy-mou'd halucket Meg.*

And there will be *happer-ars'd Nanfy,*

And fairy-fac'd *Flowerie by Name,*

Muck Madie, and fat-hippic *Grissy,*

The Last wi' the *Gowden Wame.*

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Girn-again-Gibbie,*

With his glakit Wife *Jenny Bell,*

And *Misse-shin'd Mungo M'apie,*

The Lad that was Skipper himsel.

There Lads and Lasses in *Pearlings,*

Will feast in the Heart of the Ha',

On *Sybows,* and *Rifarts,* and *Carlings,*

That are baith foddan and raw.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be *Fadges* and *Brachen,*

With Fouth of good *Gabbocks* of *Skate,*

Powfowdy, and *Drammock,* and *Crowdy,*

And caller *Nowt-feet* in a *Plate.*

And there will be *Partens* and *Buckies,*

And *Whytens* and *Speldens* anew,

With finged *Sheep-heads,* and a *Haggies,*

And *Scadlips* to sup till ye spew.

Fy let us, &c.

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And there will be lapper'd Milk Kebbucks,
 And Sowens, and Farles, and Baps,
 With Swars, and well scraped Paunches,
 And Brandy in Stoups and in Caps:
 And there will be Meal-kail and Castocks,
 With Skink to sup till ye rive;
 And Roasts to roast on a Brander,
 Of Flowks that were taken alive.
Fy let us, &c.

Scrapt Haddocks, Wilks, Dulse and Tangle,
 And a Mill of good Snifhing to prie;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us a' to the Bridal,
For there will be lilting there,
For Jocky's to be married to Maggie,
The Lafs wi' the gowden Hair.

S O N G CCXIII.

W I T H broken Words, and down-cast Eyes,
 Poor *Colin* spoke his Passion tender,
 And, parting with his *Grisy*, cries,
 Ah! wae's my Heart that we should sunder.
 To others I am cold as Snow,
 But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder:
 From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go;
 It breaks my Heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,
 No Beauty new my Love shall hinder,
 Nor Time nor Place shall ever change
 My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.

The Image of thy graceful Air,
 And Beauties which invite our Wonder,
 Thy lively Wit, and Prudence rare,
 Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
 You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder;
 Then seal a Promise with a Kiss,
 Always to love me, tho' we sunder.

Ye Gods, take Care of my dear Lads,
 That as I leave her I may find her:
 When that blest Time shall come to pass,
 We'll meet again, and never sunder.

SONG CCXIV.

U Nrelenting dearest Creature,
 On your *Damon* cast an Eye;
 Each ador'd surprizing Feature
 Gives me Life, yet makes me die:

Cruel Fair! Oh! hear your Lover,
 Who with Anguish pines for you;
 Think him no unconstant Rover,
 Ne'er was Swain more Chast and True.

Answer'd by another Hand.

Cease tormenting vain Deceiver,
Chloe all your Arts defies;
 Care not, if you will believe her,
 Whether *Damon* lives or dies:
 Trifling Swain, your Suit give over,
 And implore *Corinna's* Charms;
 Know young *Chloe's* doom'd a Lover,
 But to bless her *Strephon's* Arms.

A Reply by Mr. H. C.

Since nor Faith nor Truth can move you,
 In behalf of *Damon's* Suit;
Chloe, know, altho' I lov'd you,
 Scorn produces other Fruit:
 Take your faithless canting Rover,
 Clasp him in deluded Arms;
Damon joys, who was your Lover,
 That his Rival loathes your Charms.



S O N G CCXV.

O *Venus!* Beauty of the Skies,
To whom a thousand Temples rise;
Gayly false in gentle Smiles,
Full of Love-perplexing Wiles;
O Goddess! from my Heart remove
The wasting Cares and Pains of Love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A Song, in soft Distress prefer'd;
Propitious to my tuneful Vow,
O gentle Goddess! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright, immortal Guest,
In all thy radiant Charms confest.

Thou once didst leave Almighty Jove,
And all the Golden Roofs above:
The Carr thy wanton Sparrows drew,
Hov'ring in Air they lightly flew;
As to my Bow'r they wing'd their Way,
I saw their quiv'ring Pinions play.

The Birds dismiss'd (while you remain)
Bore back their empty Carr again:
Then you, with Looks divinely mild,
In ev'ry heav'nly Feature simil'd.

And ask'd, what new Complaints I made;
And why I call'd you to my Aid:

What Frenzy in my Bosom rag'd?
And by what Cure to be asswag'd?
What gentle Youth I would allure?
Whom in my artful Toils secure?
Who does thy tender Heart subdue,
Tell me, my *Sapho*, tell me who?

Tho' now he shuns thy longing Arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted Charms;
Tho' now thy Off'rings he despise,
He soon to thee shall Sacrifice;
Tho' now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy Victim in his Turn.

Celestial Visitant, once more
Thy needful Presence I implore!
In Pity, come and ease my Grief,
Bring my distemper'd Soul Relief;
Favour thy Suppliant's hidden Fires,
And give me all my Heart desires:



SONG CCXVI.

WHY this talking still of Dying?

Why this dismal Look and Groan?

Leave, fond Lover, leave your Sighing;

Let these fruitless Arts alone.

Love's the Child of Joy and Pleasure,

Born of Beauty, nurs'd with Wit;

Much amiss you take your Measure,

This dull whining way to hit.

Tender Maids you fright from Loving,

By the Effect they see in you;

If you wou'd be truly moving,

Eagerly the Point pursue:

Brisk and gay appear in wooing;

Pleasant be, if you wou'd please;

All this Talking, and no Doing,

Will not Love, but Hate increase.

SONG CCXVII.

O Bell, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart,

I pass the Day in Pain,

When Night returns I feel the Smart,

And wish for thee in vain.

I'm starving cold, while thou art warm;
Have Pity and incline,
And grant me for a Hap that charm-
ing Petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd Fancy in Amaze
Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
Delusive Dreams ten thousand ways
Present thee to my Arms.
But, waking, think what I endure,
While cruel you decline
Those Pleasures which can only cure
This panting Breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
Because you still deny
The just Reward that's due to Love,
And let true Passion die.
Oh! turn, and let Compassion seize
That lovely Breast of thine;
Thy Petticoat cou'd give me Ease,
If Thou and It were mine.

Sure Heav'n has fitted for Delight
That beauteous Form of thine,
And thou'rt too good its Laws to slight,
By hind'ring the Design.
May all the Pow'rs of Love agree,
At length to make thee mine,
Or loose my Chains, and set me free
From ev'ry Charm of thine.

S O N G CCXVIII.

O F *Anna's* Charms let others tell,
 Or bright *Eliza's* Beauty:
 My Song shall be of *Blouxibel*,
 To sing of her's my Duty:
 The Fair, who arm'd with *Cupid's* Darts,
 His Flames, and other Matters,
 Is all around behung with Hearts,
 As Beggars are with Tatters.

To lavish Nature much she owes,
 And much to Education:
 The Girls, and Boys, and Belles, and Beaux,
 Are struck with Admiration;
 For, blended in her Cheek, there lies
 The Carrot and the Turnip,
 And who beholds her blazing Eyes
 His very Heart they burn up.

Her dainty Hands are red and blue!
 Her Teeth all black and yellow!
 Her curling Hair of Saffron Hue!
 Her Lips like any Tallow:
 Her Voice so loud, and eke so shrill;
 Far off it is admir'd!
 Her Tongue! — which never yet lay still,
 And yet was never tir'd!

Ten Thousand Wonders rise to View
 All o'er the lovely Creature!
 The pearly Sweat, like Morning-Dew;
 Gilds ev'ry shining Feature!
 As *Isaac* of his *Esau* said,
 She like a Forest favours;
 Thrice happy Man for whom the Maid
 Reserves her hidden Favours.

© *Blouzibel*! for Thee we pant,
 To Thee our Hopes aspire;
 For Thou hast all which Lovers want
 To quench their raging Fire.
 Then kindly take us to thine Arms,
 And in Compassion save us
 From *Anna's* and *Elixa's* Charms,
 Which cruelly enslave us.

S O N G CCXIX.

H Eav'n's Offspring! Beauty rare!
Venus her peculiar Care:
Cupid rifles ev'ry Grace,
 To adorn thy fairer Face.

Earliest Bud was ever seen;
 Thus to blossom at Fifteen!
 Thro' whose Actions sweetly flows
 All, experienc'd Woman knows.

On Thee sits with decent Pride,
Wisdom, best and surest Guide;
Then, how strong the Influence
Of thy charming *Wit* and *Sense*!

When to Harmony you move,
Each Spectator's tun'd to Love;
Ev'ry Step is *Cupid's* Dart,
Softly stealing to my Heart.

Strange! that lively Sounds shou'd cure;
Yet give Pains which I endure!
Musick, that can others free
From Infection, poisons me.

Guardian *Sylphs*! that flit in Air,
Tell my Sorrows to the Fair;
Let your murm'ring Whispers prove,
How I groan, and how I love.

But if deaf to all my Woe,
The green Forest to her show,
How the Trees of ev'ry kind
Clasp, and Kiss, in Marriage join'd.

Show the Fair, how curling Vines
Fold their Elms in Am'rous Twines:
Touch'd by such Examples, She
May incline to *Love* and Me.

SONG CCXX.

WHILE on those lovely Looks I gaze,
To see a Wretch pursuing,
In Raptures of a blest Amaze,
A pleasing, happy Ruin.

'Tis not for Pity that I move;
His Fate is too aspiring,
Whose Heart, broke with a Load of Love,
Dies, wishing and admiring.

But, if this Murder you'd forego,
Your Slave from Death removing;
Let me your Art of Charming know;
Or learn you mine of Loving.

But, whether Life or Death betide,
In Love 'tis equal Measure;
The Victor lives with empty Pride;
The vanquish'd die with Pleasure.



S O N G CCXXI.

SAD *Mucidora*, all in Woe,
A silent Grotto seeks;
No more her self on Plains does show,
But mourning, thus she speaks:
Why was I born of high Degree?
An humble Shepherdess
Had been far happier for me,
Than all this gaudy Dress.

A sumptuous Palace full of Joy,
To me a Dungeon is;
And all That Mirth does me annoy,
Who know no Thought of Bliss:
Then, wrapt in Grief, the lovely Maid
Retir'd from all the Throng,
And on a Bank reclin'd her Head,
While Tears ran trickling, trickling down.

S O N G CCXXII.

A S near a Fountain's flow'ry Side
The bright *Celinda* lay,
Her Looks encreas'd the Summer's Pride,
Her Eyes the Blaze of Day.

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The Roses blush'd with deeper Red,
To see themselves ourdone;
The Lilies shrunk into their Beds,
To find such Rival shone.

Quick thro' the Air to this Retreat
A Bee industrious flew,
Prepar'd to rife ev'ry Sweet,
And sip the balmy Dew.

Drawn by the Fragrance of her Breath,
Her Rosy Lips he found,
Where he in Transports met his Death,
And dropt upon the Ground.

Enjoy, blest Bee, enjoy thy Fate,
Nor at thy Fall repine,
Since Kings wou'd quit their Royal State,
To share a Death like thine.

S O N G CCXXIII.

HOW dismal's the Lover's Condition,
When Cruelty governs the Fair?
When the proper, the only Physician,
Insults o'er her Servant's Despair?

His Suff'rings afford her a Pleasure,
Increasing, the more he complains ;
The more that he doats on his Treasure,
The faster she binds him in Chains,
The faster, &c.

Resistless, all-conquering Creature!

Disdain not to cure what you cause :
O prove not a Rebel to Nature!
Nor laugh at Love's sovereign Laws,
Against your own self it is Treason
To torture a Heart, that is thine:
My Heart is your own ; and what Reason
The Pain shou'd longer be mine?
The Pain, &c.

Yet deep, tho' the Darts of your Beauty
Have wounded the Heart of your Swain,
I think it both Pleasure and Duty,
To court and to suffer the Pain.
Delightful's the true Lover's Anguish ;
In craving, it ever contents !
'Tis Torture to pine and to languish,
But pleases the while it contents ;
But pleases, &c.



S O N G CCXXIV.

LITTLE *Siren* of the Stage,
Charmer of an idle Age,
Empty Warbler, breathing Lyre,
Wanton Gale of fond Desire.

Bane of ev'ry manly Art,
Sweet Enfeeblor of the Heart;
Oh, too pleasing is thy Strain!
Hence, to southern climes again.

Tuneful Mischief, vocal Spell,
To this Island bid farewell.

Leave us, as we ought to be,
Leave the *Britons* rough and free.

S O N G CCXXV.

AS Love-sick *Corydon* beside
A murm'ring Riv'let lay,
Thus plain'd he his *Cosmelia's* Pride,
And, plaining, dy'd away.

Fair Stream, (said he) whene'er you pour
Your Treasure in the Sea,
To Sea-Nymphs tell what I endure,
Perhaps they'll pity me.

And, sitting on the clifly Rocks,
In melting Songs, express,
(While as they comb their golden Locks)
To Trav'lers my Distress.

of ENGLISH SONGS. 265

Say, *Corydon*, an honest Swain!
The fair *Cosmelia* lov'd,
While she, with undeserv'd Disdain,
His constant Torture prov'd.

Ne'er Shepherd lov'd a Shepherdess
More faithfully than he:
Ne'er Shepherd yet regarded less
Of Shepherdess could be.
How oft to Vallies, and to Hills,
Did he, alas! complain!
How oft re-echo'd they his Ills,
And seem'd to share his Pain!

How oft, on Banks of stately Trees,
And on the rusted Greens,
Ingrav'd he Tales of his Disease,
And what his Soul sustains!
Yet fruitless all his Sorrows prov'd,
And fruitless all his Art!
She scorn'd the more, the more he lov'd,
And broke, at last, his Heart.

S O N G CCXXVI.

Farewel the fatal Pleasures,
The shining Masquerade,
And all the dying Measures
That tender Love perswade:

Ye Notes that sweetly languish,
 To aid the Lover's Flame,
 Whilst he reveals his Anguish,
 And begs the fair One's Name :

No more you can invite me,
 You sing, alas! in vain ;
 No Musick can delight me,
 Tho' *Orpheus* play'd again :
 A lovely Sailor pleading,
 With Wit in every Word,
 Both skill'd in Love and Breeding,
 Has fix'd my Heart on Board.

In ev'ry Dream appearing,
 All Charming, all Divine,
 A Manner most endearing,
 A Voice as soft as mine :
 His Hands so gently pressing,
 As if no Ropes they knew.
 What is my Song confessing!
 It grows a *Billet-doux*.

Some tuneful Voice befriending
 The Fondness of my Heart,
 In mournful Notes descending,
 My Tenderneſs impart :



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Ah! sure he soon will know it,
If Love inspire his Sight;
Those Eyes that made the Poet,
I fear will guess too right.

S O N G CCXXVII.

U P O N *Clarinda's* panting Breast
The happy *Strephon* lay,
With Love and Beauty jointly prest
To pass the Time away.
Fresh Raptures of transporting Love
Struck all his Senses dumb;
He envy'd not the Pow'rs above,
Nor all the Joys to come.

As Bees around the Garden rove,
To fetch their Treasures home;
So *Strephon* trac'd the Fields of Love,
To fill her Honey-comb :
Her ruby Lips he kiss and prest,
From whence all Joys derive ;
Then, humming round her snowy Breast,
Strait crept into her Hive.

SONG CCXXVIII.

TH O' *Phillis* you scorn my Address,
Preferring a Rattle that's vain,
Yet know, 'tis Respect in Excess,
That Freedom of Speech does restrain;
Oh Cruel! consider my Fire
Burns fiercer the more 'tis deprest,
While his in a Flash does expire:
He talks of a Passion in Jest.
He talks, &c.

How oft I've resolv'd when alone,
In fittest Words then I cou'd chuse,
My Affection so true to make known;
But Speech in your Presence I lose:
Still what I am going to say,
Seems foolish ridiculous Stuff;
My Thoughts in a Chaos do play;
No Expressions are worthy enough.
No Expressions, &c.

O Fairest, your Servant believe,
This is of true Love the Effect;
And what greater Proof can he give?
For where there is Love, there's Respect.
All Scholars in young *Cupid's* School
The Rhet'rick of Tongues still despise;
'Tis in am'rous Converse a Rule,
To talk the soft Language of Eyes
To talk, &c.

SONG CCXXIX.

CHLOE when I view thee smiling,
Joys celestial round me move,
Pleasing Visions Care beguiling,
Guard my State, and crown my Love.
To behold thee gayly shining
Is a Pleasure past defining,
Ev'ry Feature charms my Sight.
But, O Heav'ns! when I'm caressing,
Thrilling Raptures never ceasing,
Fill my Soul with soft Delight.

Oh! thou lovely dearest Creature!
Sweet Enslaver of my Heart,
Beauteous Master-piece of Nature,
Cause of all my Joys and Smart!
In thy Arms enfolded lay me,
To dissolving Bliss convey me,
Softly sooth my Soul to rest;
Gently, kindly, Oh my Treasure!
Bless me, let me dye with Pleasure
On thy panting snowy Breast.

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SONG CCXXX.

Farewel, thou false Philander,
 Since now from me you rove;
 And leave me here to wander,
 No more to think of Love:
 I must for ever languish,
 I must for ever mourn;
 From Love I now am banish'd,
 And shall no more return.

Farewel, deceitful Traitor,
 Farewel, thou perjur'd Swain;
 Let never injur'd Creature
 Believe your Vows again:
 The Passion you pretended,
 Was only to obtain;
 For now the Charm is ended,
 The Charmer you disdain.

SONG CCXXXI.

YE little Loves, that hourly wait,
 To bring from *Celia's* Eyes my Fate,
 Tell her my Pain in softest Sighs,
 And gently whisper, *Strepson* dies.

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But if this won't her Pity move,
And the coy Nymph disdains to love,
Tell her again, 'tis all a Lye,
And haughty *Strephon* scorns to die.

S O N G CCXXXII.

CELIA, my dearest, no longer depresso me,
But hasten to bless me,
And fly to my Arms.
O cou'd I charm you!
How I wou'd warm you!
How I wou'd Revel and Sport in your Arms.
No one is near,
Why shou'd we fear?
Why should we then these Moments delay?
If I've offended,
I never intended;
I'll beg your Pardon another Day.

S O N G CCXXXIII.

FLY me not, *Silvia*; why do you fly me?
Hear me, fair *Silvia*, tho' you deny me.
You're all my Pleasure;
You're all my Treasure;

You're all my Joy, and all my Care,

Pity my Anguish,

See how I languish,

See how I languish,

Ah, cruel Fair!

Smile then, and heal me;

Or frown and kill me,

For Death is better than Despair.

S O N G CCXXXIV.

FAirest Isle, all Isles excelling,
 Seat of Pleasures, and of Loves,
Venus here will chuse her Dwelling,
 And forsake her *Cyprian* Groves.
Cupid from his fav'rite Nation,
 Care and Envy will remove,
 Jealousy, that poysons Passion,
 And Despair that dies for Love.

Gentle Murmurs, sweet complaining;
 Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
 Soft Repulses, kind Disdaining,
 Shall be all the Pains you prove.
 Ev'ry Swain shall pay his Dury,
 Grateful ev'ry Nymph shall prove;
 And as these excel in Beauty,
 Those shall be renown'd for Love.

SONG CCXXXV.

Maidens beware ye,
 Love will ensnare ye,
 If you but look, or lend an Ear.
 Words will detain ye,
 Sighs will trepan ye,
 Tears will draw you into the Snare;
 Then in time beware.

Daily you'll find it,
 If you'll but mind it,
 How many Maids false Men betray:
 Let this concern ye,
 Let their Fall learn ye,
 From the Danger to run away.
 Run, run, run away.

Let Virtue guard ye,
 Praise will Reward ye,
 And you will shine in brightest Fame;
 When the poor Creature,
 That yields her Charter,
 Lives abandon'd and dies with Shame.
 To bear such a Name.



SONG CCXXXVI.

THE Collier has a Daughter,
And, Oh ! she's wond'rous bonny,
A Laird he was that sought her,
Baith rich in Land and Money.
The Tutors watch'd the Motion
Of this young honest Lover;
But Love is like the Ocean :
Wha can its Depth discover !
He had the Art to please ye,
And was by a' respected ;
His Airs sat round him easy,
Genteel but unaffected.
The Collier's bonny Lassie,
Fair as the new-blown Lillie,
Ay sweet and never saucy,
Secur'd the Heart of Willy.
He lov'd beyond Expressioun
The Charms that were about her,
And pantéd for Possession,
His Life was dull without her.
After mature resolving,
Close to his Breast he held her,
In fastest Flames dissolving,
He tenderly thus tell'd her ;
My bonny Collier's Daughter,
Let nathing discompose ye,
'Tis no your scanty Tocher
Shall ever gar me lose ye :

For I have Gear in Plenty,
And Love says, 'tis my Duty
To ware what Heaven has lent me
Upon your Wit and Beaury.

S O N G CCXXXVII.

AH *Phillis* ! why are you less tender,
To my despairing *Amore* !
Your Heart you have promis'd to tender,
Do not deny the *Retour* :
My Passion I cannot *defender*,
No, no, Torments encrease *sous les Jours*.
To forget your kind Slave is cruel,
Can you expect my *Devoir*,
Since *Phillis* is grown *infidelle*,
And wounds me at ev'ry *Revoir* !
Those Eyes which were once agreeable,
Now, now, are Fountains of black *Deseipoire*.
Adieu to my false *Esperance*,
Adieu *les Plaisirs des beaux Jours*;
My *Phillis* appears at distance,
And slights my unfeigned *Efforts* :
To return to her Vows *impossible*,
No, no, adieu to the Cheats of *Amours*.

F I N I S.

THE ENGLISH BOOK

I have Great in Mind
and Love that my Mind
and Love that my Mind
and Love that my Mind

THE ENGLISH BOOK

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